

# The TATLER

Vo., CLVI. No. 2030

London  
May 22, 1940



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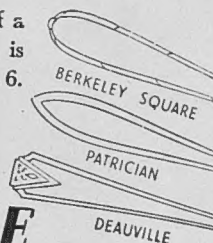
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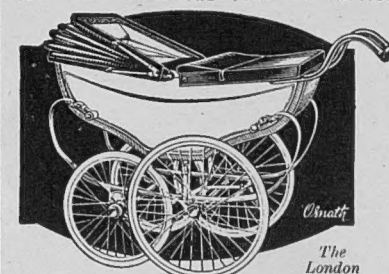
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YOU, MADAM

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## THE TATLER IN WARTIME

IN consequence of the necessity to economize in paper and transport during the war, newsagents are unable to stock copies of THE TATLER for casual sales as in normal times. Readers, therefore, in order to avoid disappointment, are asked to co-operate by placing at once a firm order with their usual newsagent for regular delivery each week, and are urged to take this precaution now.

Those desiring to have THE TATLER sent to friends in neutral countries should send a subscription to The Publisher, Illustrated Newspapers Limited, 32-34 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Subscription rates are given hereunder:—

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# THE TATLER

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H.R.H. PRINCESS JULIANA, PRINCE BERNHARD  
AND THEIR CHILDREN THE PRINCESSES BEATRIX AND IRENE

The unhappy circumstances which have made it necessary for the members of the Royal House of the Netherlands to seek asylum in England are too well known to demand recital. The arrival of Princess Juliana, Prince Bernhard and their two young daughters was quickly followed by that of Queen Wilhelmina, who is the honoured guest of their Majesties at Buckingham Palace, and the wisdom of these purely precautionary measures at the present juncture is unquestionable. This country could have no more welcome guests





# The Social Round

"The Tatler" in Town and Country

"What e'er men do, or say or think or dream,  
Our motley paper feizes for its theme"

The "slogan," from Juvenal, which prefaced Sir Richard Steele's original "Tatler" of 1709



D.S.O. SUBMARINE COMMANDER MARRIES AIR MARSHAL'S DAUGHTER

Commander and Mrs. Edward O. Bickford after their marriage at Dovercourt, Harwich. He is the commander of the submarine *Salmon*, which destroyed a German submarine and torpedoed at least one cruiser, and won his D.S.O. following a brilliant war patrol. His wife is the daughter of Air Marshal Sir Christopher Courtney

## Apology to Adamantine Readers

Amid what would have been the Whitsun pause, I began to assemble this social commentary. It relays the news of peaceful activities from various areas, in the hope that such innocuous stuff and nonsense may serve to distract and entertain for a few moments. Many are now too busy to read anything, however light, and consequently it is not to them that I address an apology, but to all who feel that small talk should not impinge on the roar of battle. Respecting their taste, I ask them to view with tolerance those fellow beings who are constitutionally unable to put away childish things, and furthermore, to excuse the insignificant toymaker.

## Letter from Lisbon

"Portugal is bliss; a really free country, with a free exchange and a feeling of happy concord. After being in Madrid for four months, confined to a diet of hitherto German-controlled Spanish newspapers, it is refreshing to read nothing but enthusiastic praise for the Allies in the Portuguese press. The double centenary celebrations in June depend to some extent on events elsewhere; for example, there is now no hope that Lord Halifax will head the British delegation of distinguished visitors, but they say Sir Stephen Gaselee is coming, and that he is a picturesque character, a holiday regular at Madeira, and a man of catholic

ment, but a week later much of this good was undone by articles in two leftist London dailies to the effect that Spain should be split into separated states. How would we like it if the Spanish press started a campaign for separating England from Scotland! But German propaganda has overdone itself in Spain; they overestimated the war-weary Spaniards' interest in the earlier phases of the war. To imagine that General Franco is merely a pawn of Italy or Germany is to misunderstand the independent Spanish character, but Spain was natur-

ally grateful to the powers which helped her against the Communist anti-Christ. Today the majority of Spaniards see their former German sympathizers in a different light."

learning, likely to appeal to everybody. The three hundredth anniversary of the deliverance from Spanish domination will be drunk in various superb wines!

"At Cintra Airport I ran into François de Seynes from Paris and his wife whom London liked so much when she was Baroness Margaretta Palmstierna. And then Eve Curie, also the Archduke Otto coming off the *Clipper*, which was full as usual.

"You will be glad to hear that after the signing of the British-Spanish Trade Pact relations between the countries showed a marked improve-

## London in the Crisis

The immediate effect of total war on the restaurant world was dampening, but it should be recalled that throughout the Civil War and its countless air raids, the cinemas and restaurants of Madrid continued to function. People must eat, and most people like to talk and gape between mouthfuls, whatever happens. At Claridge's the magnificence of the air raid shelter and its vaunted powers of resistance induce a temporary glow of well-being. So does an extraordinary liqueur in the *Causerie* called "Cloc Cacao." Personally I thought it was poison gas, but the *connoisseurs* rolled their tongues and clucked. As has been remarked, Claridge's is the diplomats' automat, the American and Italian embassies being round the corner in Grosvenor Square. Miss Christobel More-Molyneux, who lives between the two, is wondering which shelter to choose, and whether each will offer appropriate refreshment—ice cream or gum? The Greek Naval Attaché, Captain Natsis, the Leslie Gamages, Lord ("Billy") Sempill, the Winchilseas (he in naval uniform), Sir Victor Schuster, Princess Bianca Loewenstein; the new Mrs. Jack Durham Matthews ("Pip")



CANADIANS AT BLEAHEIM

The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough talking to Lieutenant-Colonel H. N. Ganong, who was in charge of the party of Canadian officers who visited Blenheim Palace at Whitsun. The palace, which was built for the first Duke of Marlborough as a gift of gratitude from the nation, by the famous architect Vanbrugh, is now housing the boys of Malvern College



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## A ROYAL MATRON OF A WARTIME NURSING HOME



H.R.H. PRINCESS ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT ON THE  
STEPS OF HER NURSING HOME IN LONDON



H.R.H. PRINCESS ARTHUR  
OF CONNAUGHT AT HER  
DESK IN HER NURSING  
HOME

Her Royal Highness, in whose nursing home in Bentinck Street, these pictures were taken, is no amateur, for she has graduated in the noble profession which she has adopted at some of the best centres at which knowledge can be obtained first hand, and as may rightly be said, in the raw. H.R.H. was trained at St. Mary's, Paddington, and at the Samaritan Hospital for Women, Marylebone Road, and has had fifteen years' experience at the University College Hospital. So that when she undertook the task of this nursing home in Bentinck Street, she entered upon the very onerous duties of its matron as a highly qualified person. It is the first time in history that a member of the Royal House of Great Britain has entered the nursing profession and the value of H.R.H.'s fine example is incalculable. The outbreak of this present conflict somewhat hampered things, but now all is well and everything is functioning under a commanding officer who has very little, if anything, to learn. H.R.H. Princess Arthur of Connaught is the elder daughter of the late Princess Royal, Duchess of Fife



# THE CINEMA BY JAMES AGATE

THE other evening I was having supper at the Café Royal when a couple came in and sat down at the next table. Anywhere between twenty and thirty, the pair—they were both men—looked as though they might be stevedores or lorry drivers. But so definitely did they make me think of something not English but American that, in discussing them afterwards with my friend, I used the word not “lorry drivers” but “truck drivers.” Their hands were black, and they did not remove their hats. Presently they ordered beer, and the waiter telling them that drinks could only be served with food they shambled out. The little one went first and was obviously in charge of affairs, his mate, a good foot and a half taller and some seven or eight stone heavier, following some way behind.

## “The Postman Always Rings Twice”

played Frank. M. Fernand Gravet is an excellent film actor, but he has not nearly enough of the animalism and red-bloodedness of the American hobo in whom I see M. Jean Gabin and nobody else. M. Gravet is physically too slight, and Frank and Cora should in their love making fall to it like tiger and tigress, or two polecats, or Bothwell and Mary Queen of Scots, all of which I imagine to be very much the same thing. Mlle. Corinne Luchaire, though she gives a very brainy performance, does not endow Cora with a sufficient quality of pure amativeness; she

from change of locality. That at least is the impression of one who, if I may say it in all modesty, was the first reviewer in this country to hail Mr. James Cain's original novel. Yet on second thoughts this need not have been so, since there is nothing in the plot which could not have served a writer as French as Emile Zola. This is what happens. Frank Chambers is an American hobo and jail bird who, thrown off a hay truck and hiking down the Californian road, begs a meal at a “road-side sandwich joint” kept by a Greek. At the meal he is engaged as hired man, and it is hardly over before Frank and Cora, the Greek's wife, are plotting the murder of the friendly, greasy little man. She had married him because she was tired of being waitress in a hash shop, and she and the hobo take each other for their bodies' affinities, since neither of them is possessed of soul. But the best-laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley, and this one is ruined by a cat which, jumping on the fuse box, plunges the shack into darkness. Presently the lovers take the road together. But Cora cannot stand hiking, and realizes that it means the hash shop again for her and the street corner for Frank. They return to the shack and, since the postman always rings twice, make a second and successful job of murdering the husband, this time in a fake motor accident. And then Nemesis plays her first card. The guilty pair are “getting away with” the fake accident when it turns out that, unknown to either of them, the Greek is heavily insured. But the law cannot quite fasten the crime on them, and the pair settle down to the slow, sure process of victimization, not by their consciences—for they do not possess conscience—but by their drink-sodden nerves. In the end Frank is rushing Cora to hospital in a car, and here Nemesis plays her second and last card. There is a real accident in which Cora is killed. Frank is tried for murder, and goes to the chair.

But a bare recital of the plot does not give the essence of this book, which is that, though the plane of life is that of the gorilla, the male and female in this kind are as much in love as Romeo and Juliet. A passage from Frank's letter written in the death cell confirms this. Our subhuman thug writes: “I'm getting up tight now, and I've been thinking about Cora. Do you think she knows I didn't do it? After what we said in the water you would think she would know it. But that's the awful part, when you monkey with murder. Maybe it went through her head, when the car hit, that I did it anyhow. That's why I hope I've got another life after this one. Father McConnell says I have, and I want to see her. I want her to know that it was all so, what we said to each other, and that I didn't do it. What did she have that makes me feel that way about her? . . . I don't know what made her feel that way about me, because she knew me. She called it on me plenty of times, that I wasn't any good. I never really wanted anything but her. But that's a lot. I guess it's not often that a woman even has that.” From which we see that even subnormals can be star-crossed. If I advise readers to go at once to the Embassy Cinema it is because they will see one of the most beautiful travel films ever made, that of a flight from Amsterdam to Java. This lasts half an hour, and every moment of it is entrancing.



“MY LITTLE CHICKADEE”

To the Odeon Cinema, Leicester Square, last Monday, May 20, came two of the screen's outstanding personalities, Mae West and W. C. Fields, in *My Little Chickadee*, a film they have written themselves about America's wild west frontier in the '80's, broadly burlesquing its “woollier” aspects. Mae is cast as Glamorous Flower Belle Lee, Fields as Cuthbert J. Twillie, one of her disappointed suitors

“I cannot think who those two remind me of?” I said. My friend replied:—

“George and Lennie, of course!” Then I began to imagine that these actually were the protagonists of *Of Mice and Men*. They were so much more George and Lennie than any stage or film actors could possibly be, and indeed I could almost have sworn that in such fragments of talk between them as I had overheard there had been something about “alfalfa” and “feeding it to the rabbits!”

It so happened that earlier in the evening I had been to see the film *The Postman Always Rings Twice* at the Embassy, and at once it flashed across my mind that one of the reasons for the comparative failure of this distinguished film was the insufficiency of the actor who

should desire Frank from her heels to the crown of her head, whereas this Cora's passion is centred too singly in the heart, and one has the impression that the word “*cœur*” occurs too often in the dialogue. One feels that the maximum jinks this couple would be up to would be to send Nick, the husband, on more frequent visits to the town, on which occasions, of course, they could while away the time by repainting the potting shed, tidying up the garage, or other device for hoodwinking simple husbands. Nick is magnificently played by M. Michel Simon, and if the rest of the casting had been as inspired as this, one would certainly have been less disappointed.

It was, of course, Hollywood's bounden duty to make this film. It inevitably suffers



## ROUND THE PLAYHOUSES



"GARRISON THEATRE"

The B.B.C.'s popular Saturday night show has come out into footlight at the Palladium, and with its humour and topical spectacle looks like being a wartime winner. Jack (Blue Pencil) Warner, who has already given several phrases to the language, and his "littul gel," Joan Winters, are still stars of the show



"BY PIGEON POST"

Austin Page, author of this spy-thriller success of 1918, has himself staged its revival at the Garrick. Although a certain amount of modernization has been done on the groundwork of German spies in French uniform interfering with the pigeon intelligence service which is the hero's special joy a faint naïveté seems in these tumultuous days to pervade its leisurely warfare. Above are hero and heroine, Captain Paul Chalfont (Harold Warrender) and Dr. Marie Latour (Marjorie Mars) with one of the pigeons



"THE HOUSE IN THE SQUARE"

Established as to the popular taste is this play at the St. Martin's. Lilian Braithwaite and Margaret Rawlings are the stars of a story which tells of three generations of women, from suffragette to militant pacifist

"IN GOOD KING CHARLES'S GOLDEN DAYS"

Ernest Thesiger and Irene Vanbrugh as Charles II and his wife, Catherine of Braganza, have to themselves the strangely inconsequential last act of Shaw's Malvern Festival play of last year which has now come to the New Theatre. Both give us first-class performances in parts which make them halfway between cross-talk comedians and University Extension lecturers, though Miss Vanbrugh is handicapped by forced assumption of a most unorthodox and slightly variable Portuguese accent



# RACING RAGOUT BY "REGULAR"

**F**ORTUNATELY for the majority of us, heredity influences the lives of human beings far less than it does those of race-horses. The fact that father did the hundred yards in even time at school, does not mean that his son will win a scholarship or his daughter make a brilliant early marriage. Still less does it mean that either of them will ever do the hundred yards in even time. A few years ago just about the naughtiest girl in town (bless her heart) was a clergyman's daughter, while I knew of a burglar's son who got religious mania. I am not suggesting that children do not sometimes take after their parents but I never knew a father who marked

I have said that heredity does not count for much in human beings, but in horses it is everything. Horses do not see enough of their parents to extract any benefit from the error of the parental ways, and while the stud groom and, later on, the trainer, do all in their power to mould the young idea, their influence is hardly on a par with that of Nanny and M'tutor. While haphazard breeding may produce the most magnificent children, only the most careful mating of the best strains can produce good horses, and the only way in which we can tell which are the best horses for breeding purposes, is by racing. A horse may look magnificent but only the acid test on the racecourse can decide whether he's as good as he looks, and so worthy to be the father of the next generation.

Racing, chiefly at Newmarket, took place throughout the last war, otherwise we might never have heard of either *Hurry On* or *Gainsborough*, who were destined to become two of the greatest sires of all time. There will be people who will argue that the breed of horses doesn't matter two hoots in the prevailing circumstances, and I will freely admit that it is a very minor consideration. At the same time, the production of bloodstock is one of our most important industries, and without racing it must suffer deterioration, and no one would desire this to happen, no matter whether they were interested in racing or not.

I have not touched on the money which will automatically be put out of circulation with the cessation of racing. Encouraged by the ambitious list of fixtures for the forthcoming months, owners have carried on much as usual, many of them, more from patriotic motives, rather than for any real hope of material gain, and there are a large number of horses still in training, probably between sixty and seventy per cent of peace time strength. What owners will do with the majority of their animals if there is to be no more racing for the duration, I cannot imagine. I have also made no mention of the amount of unemployment which will immediately result.

However much our war effort is to be tightened up, I cannot see how the Government will be able to absorb the services of anything like all the little men, and big ones too, who are employed in the various branches of racing. For instance, what job of national importance can you find for the hundreds of gnarled little men who have been "doing their two" ever since they left school, and hoped to be allowed to go on "doing their two" until the end of their days. I also find it difficult to believe that the Government is in dire need of middle-aged trainers and middle-aged jockeys, in fact, any of us, save those of military age, who get our living out of racing, and those of course with previous military service. However, should the continuation of racing, even on a reduced scale, be considered as detrimental to our war effort, then we will accept the situation without a murmur, realizing that although the loss of one's livelihood is bad enough it is infinitely preferable to losing one's life. I do devoutly hope so, though that the powers that be will *not* be influenced by the fact that some people think it looks bad to race in wartime.

On the day the balloon went up, we raced at Newbury and it was slightly ironical that the race for the Derby, which up to now had looked like a benefit for *Djebel* suddenly took on a fresh interest by the introduction of two new lights who, if they are given the opportunity will make their mark in Turf history. I refer, of course, to *Paques* and *Pharalis*, a typical *Pharos* colt. *Pharalis* is owned by M. Boussac, but has never seen *Djebel* as he is trained by Steve Donoghue. He was making his début, while *Paques* had had a race at the Craven Meeting. The pair had a great duel in the market, being backed to the exclusion of anything else, *Pharalis* ending up fractionally the better favourite. A race in public though is of inestimable value, and *Paques* was virtually home and dried before Charlie Elliott was able to explain to *Pharalis* what it was all about. When he appreciated what was expected of him, *Pharalis* ran on like a real good colt in the making, and when they meet over one and a half miles, I am sure there will not be three lengths between them. *Paques* is very like his half-brother *Pasch* in many ways, but better looking, and there is more substance to him. He has obviously done splendidly since making his début, and once again I appreciate what a magnificent trainer is Fred Darling, and I do not believe any man ever lived who could improve a three-year-old as much as he can between the first week of April and the first week in June.

Q. G.



AT NEWBURY LAST WEEK

A recent bride and bridegroom, Captain and Mrs. Ivor Reid on the day, the victorious *Harmsworth* colours were again out in front. The Hon. Esmond *Harmsworth's* colt, His Highness, won the Empire Cup, capping *Godiva's* win in the One Thousand

his stock like *Phalaris* did. Sons have a way of inheriting their father's worst traits and we find this particularly emphasized very high in the social scale.

My own father had a horror of the Turf and he used to tell me lurid stories of what occurred on racecourses. These so fired my childish imagination that I determined to see for myself, as soon as I was old enough, what really went on. I did, and I have been on the Turf ever since, and except for the fact that I have frequently been unable to settle my bookmaker's account for the time being, I have come to no harm. All this, however, is only vaguely connected with what I started to write about, which was the importance of racing being carried on so long as it does not interfere with our war effort.



SIR GORDON CARTER AND MRS. MORNY KENNERLEY FOX

Two more of Newbury's patrons. Ascot's famous Clerk of the Course and secretary to the King's representative will not as things are going at present have anything to do at the Royal Course this season as Ascot at the moment has been transferred to Newmarket



THE SPRING  
HORSE SHOW  
IN DUBLIN,  
SECOND  
ONLY TO  
THE  
BIG ONE



THE KILDARE HOUNDS ADD A SPOT OF COLOUR TO THE LANDSCAPE

As at a few other shows on our side of the Irish Sea, as well as at many in Ireland, a pack of hounds always adds a bit of very pleasant atmosphere. Two of the hunt horses, as may be noticed, are in double bridles, which is a bit unusual in Ireland



LORD AND LADY DUNALLEY CAME  
OVER TO DUBLIN FROM TIPPERARY

The Spring Horse Show in Dublin is second only to the Great Show in August which, please the pigs, will be held after we have beaten the Hogs to a batter. It is held at Balls Bridge, the same theatre of war, and, in spite of all countervailing circumstances, it drew a huge crowd from all over Ireland. Lord Dunalley, soldier, sportsman, ex-Rifleman and author, came all the way



LORD AND LADY FFRENCH  
(BELOW) LORD AND LADY LONGFORD



*Poole, Dublin*  
MR. AND MRS. LAVINGTON JACKS, WHO  
ARE ON A FISHING HOLIDAY

from his abode in Tipperary; Lord and Lady Longford came from Westmeath, and Lord and Lady Ffrench from Galway. Lord Longford, of course, is the well-known playwright, and Lady Longford had her new play, *Sea Change*, all about Shelley, produced recently at the Gate Theatre by her husband. Mr. Lavington Jacks was for many years in Persia as manager of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

## Editor of "Everyman" Tells His Story

HOW queer it is! So many people seem to believe that some are born brainy, others are not. So, disliking to use what brains they happen to possess, they contentedly allow them to run to seed. As if the brain did not need as much exercise as the body if it is to be kept young and healthy! Moreover, when the mind is allowed to go

to a mining engineer. He didn't like it, so he wasn't a success. Nevertheless, his father seemed to have been one of those somewhat forbidding Victorian parents who never spared the rod, and in any case, had not the least inclination to spoil any child. His mother, happily, was infinitely more human. She seemed to possess that great domestic virtue—nowadays mostly lost—whereby a wife allows her husband to believe he is ruling his own household while achieving no essential authority whatsoever. She possessed a sense of duty combined with a sense of humour and tact; thus keeping a home together and a family happier more successfully than all the parental austerity in the world. How their son, Ernest, left the mines and, with no backing and little influence came to London to seek his fortune as a writer and journalist, is yet

one more example of the story of a boy or a girl, possessing one overwhelming enthusiasm, eventually finding its fulfilment somehow, somewhere—no matter how long it may take to achieve.

To most people Mr. Ernest Rhys is best known for his editorship of that literary blessing to all people of moderate means, the "Everyman Library" series of books. But those who have read his own books—"Letters from Limbo" and "Everyman Remembers," for instance—will also know him as a most delightful writer. His new autobiography will surely find him a host of fresh friends. Mainly because not only is it a very human life-story—full of those struggles and anxieties, their blackness relieved by love and friendship, which we all go through—but it describes for us the whole interesting scene of that literary London when most of the famous writers of our time—Kipling, Yeats, Masfield, George Moore, Edward Carpenter, George Bernard Shaw, and others—were fighting their earlier battles for recognition. With accounts of personal relationship with these writers there are sandwiched entertaining descriptions of various men and women who, mostly temporarily, startled the intellectual and social London of those days.

Mme. Blavatsky, for example. Thus he met her: "In the midst was a table covered with green baize, at which four card-players were seated under a powerful, shaded gas-

lamp, such as they have over billiard tables. Three of the players were noticeably pale, meagre young men. . . . The fourth was the unmistakable High Priestess herself, dressed in a plain black gown, with what looked like a black rope round the waist, and no other adornment. Her powerful head, and face with Kalmuck features and sallow complexion, had, under that staring light, an effect which would have been forbidding except for its gleam of humour. She glanced round as we entered and Yeats presented me, then paused in her card-play, held out a hand, and went on with the game. The players were intent on the cards, and we sat down and watched silently. Not for long, because suddenly one of the young men cried out in a shrill voice, 'H.P.B., you're cheating!' At that she broke into a contemptuous, jolly laugh, throwing down her cards, and said, 'Did you only find that out now? I have been cheating all through the game.' . . . But the impression made by Mme. Blavatsky, who in that room was so unmistakably the dominating personality, was not altogether convincing; not likely to tempt one to become a convert. . . . Listening to her you must feel the force of the creature, a something almost hypnotic, not accountable to ordinary human laws. Her voice, too, exerted a spell out of proportion to the ideas she had to convey. . . . It was only much later, when Mrs. Besant had definitely

(Continued on page 294)



TWO HARD HITTERS: MME. TABOUIIS AND LORD STRABOLGI

The famous French journalist has no more fear of speaking her mind about Public Enemy No. 1 than has the ex-sailor Member of the Lords. The picture was taken at the National Defence Public Interest Committee, at which Mr. Anthony Eden was the guest of honour

all middle-aged spread, as much, even more, of the joy of life is lost as when the legs are so little used that a two-mile walk sees us with our feet up for the rest of the evening. It is extraordinary, when you come to think of it—when the capacity of man's brain is the only thing which differentiates him from the rest of the animal world—it is so little honoured by comparison with physical prowess or perfection, at which an elephant can beat us every time! And yet, if what we possess in mental development is kept bright and eager, the pleasure we derive from its use will outlive all the pleasures of the body and society, keeping us alive when in every other aspect we might as well be buried. With the result, however, that when people delight in their intellectual exercises, they are witheringly described as highbrow, whereas when a man shows his enormous muscles, or a woman her shapely leg, an admiring little crowd gathers round them and we are made to feel that, somehow or other, the nation has every reason to be proud of its human assets!

Thus, while I strongly recommend you to read Mr. Ernest Rhys's autobiography, "Wales England Wed" (Dent; 15s.), I recommend it only on the understanding that you are interested in books and authors and in a life which has been spent entirely surrounded by these literary interests. In the beginning, however, the writer was destined for quite another kind of existence. He began his working life as an apprentice



ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET SIR ROGER KEYES AND LADY KEYES

The fire of battle can be noticed in the famous Admiral's eyes, and the picture was taken just about the time of the Norwegian debate. Sir Roger Keyes's one straight from the shoulder when a mis-statement was made about the Navy was most heartening and was appreciated greatly by all who knew the true facts





## SOME OF THE GALLERY

Mme. Karlis Zarine, wife of H.E. the Latvian Minister, and Mrs. Kellie McBarnet sitting in peaceful, pleasant surroundings on the banks of the Usk near Abergavenny, while the men try their luck for Usk salmon, a valuable addition to the larder in these days of rationing

ANGLERS AND  
MINISTERS OF GRACE

M. KARLIS ZARINE, THE LATVIAN MINISTER Salmon-fishing on the Upper Clytha stretch of the Usk, wearing a determined expression, H.E. would appear no novice at the game. As conditions are rarely considered perfect by a fisherman, we expect there was too much sun, too much water and too much colour in it!



BARON STEENGRACHT VAN MOYLAND AND M. F. DE TCHIHATCHEF

The international sport enjoyed by all is a wonderful relaxation for overworked politicians and diplomats in these difficult days. Baron Steengracht van Moyland and M. F. de Tchihatchef were near Gobion, on the Usk. Baron van Moyland used to live at Llangattock Park, Crickhowell, Brecon, and owns a stretch of the Usk between Clytha and Chain Bridge



H.E. THE AFGHAN MINISTER

H.E. the Afghan Minister, Sardar Ahmed Ali, fishing on the Usk near Abergavenny. Although his Excellency may have killed many a mahseer, the Indian salmon, it is possible that this is his first experience of the British variety



Truman Howell

MAJOR SIR HENRY AND LADY TATE

Who spent Whitsun in Wales, and are here seen outside their bungalow near Abergavenny, on the River Usk, where they have a stretch of salmon-fishing. Sir Henry is in the Royal Welch Fusiliers, and is the fourth Baronet. Lady Tate is a daughter of the late Saxon Gregson-Ellis, of Trefnant, Denbighshire

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

joined the movement, that I gained anything like a true idea of the remarkable spiritual philosophy on which Theosophy is built."

One of the most interesting chapters deals with the author's experiences of people while frequenting the Reading Room of the British Museum. Have you ever visited that famous room? If you have not, you have missed a most interesting experience—psychologically as well as intellectually. It is such a queer sensation, to leave the street, where everyone looks more or less alike, and suddenly to enter a lofty, dimly-lit and spacious room, where everyone is so startlingly different from the multitude that it is difficult to concentrate on one's own studies. This is a little human world, utterly unlike the vaster human world outside, living out its own special mental existence in its own absorbed way. Mr. Rhys tells us the life-stories of some of these reading-room habitués and they make up some strange human narratives. But wherever he goes, whatever he does, the result is vivid in the extreme. Maybe there is nothing startling in this autobiography, but it is thoroughly enjoyable all the way through. If you are interested in books and authors and life itself, you will certainly like to read it.

## Verdun

PERHAPS those who read Jules Romains' remarkable book, "Verdun" (Peter Davies; 9s. 6d.), so ably translated by Gerard Hopkins, may think that this story is merely an echo of what has been; no longer a living narrative, but, like history, a tale which life once told long, long ago. In this, if so they think, they will be mistaken. For this marvellous story of Verdun is being retold again to-day, microscopically speaking, over the greater part of Europe. It is thus told, perhaps, in every war and will be repeated again and again so long as war lasts and civilisation lacks the sense of self-preservation in time. Romains' book, however, is something more than a wonderful description of an epic defence and victory: it contains glimpses of what war means behind the war zone and in men's hearts. This is an essential part of its ghastly pattern. For in the end—at least, it is the end as most of us conceive finality—war is a question of our loved ones and our own skins. Beyond the physical wounds there lie, too, the even deeper wounds of the spirit. The longer I live the more amazed I am by the fact that these deeper wounds pass so often unperceived. Yet so alas! it is. Often I have seen young men pass through the operating theatre without one word of cheer and encouragement from either surgeon or nurses. The case arrived, the case was treated, the case passed on. And yet, from that physically beneficial encounter, a man, often only on the doorstep of manhood, began a dreary, tragic pilgrimage towards so-called resignation which would endure to the end of his life.

Perhaps I am psychologically incapable myself of being able to regard humanity in any mass. I can only see individuals; only the individual has any reality or importance for me. So I could never drive, I could never command. I could lead, but only if I were followed voluntarily. To a great extent I felt as I was reading this

story of Verdun—which, perhaps, is rather a story woven around Verdun than merely a magnificent description and analysis of that epic event—that I was in complete sympathy with the author's own conception—a conception which views the bigger issue through the mental and spiritual eyes of those who played individually an insignificant part. The most vivid descriptions may, perhaps, belong to the German bombardment and the flaming chaos which accompanied it, yet those portions of the book remain longest in the memory which deal solely with the personal story of some of those who endured it and eventually won through.

## A Volume of Good Short Stories

IN these days books of good short stories I should come triumphantly into their own. So few of us have time to read regularly, and a vital book is wasted on the merely odd ten minutes. Thus, Mr. H. T. W. Bousfield's book of excellent short stories, "The God With Four Arms" (Arthur Barker; 7s. 6d.), should fill enjoyably many a gap. They are all really short; they are all exciting or unusual, and each has a good plot, mostly with a surprise twist at the end. In

quality the first one, entitled "Very Comfortable," is fairly typical. It is the story of a bank manager who robbed a rich, eccentric old bachelor client of much of his wealth, and yet, by a variety of strange circumstances, was able to pass the whole of his own crime on to the shoulders of the valet who murdered the old gentleman. Thereby being able to escape to the Argentine to live for the rest of his days "very comfortable."

## A Readable Novel

IN "Then They Pulled Down the Blinds" (Dent; 7s. 6d.), Mr. Guy Pocock shows us what can be done with not very exciting material to keep our interest alive. When I first met Caley Thatcher in his sixty-ninth year, I felt sure he was going to be murdered—that being mostly the fate of elderly people who in the beginning take the centre of a story. He lived with his nephew and



HARDY'S COTTAGE

This year sees the centenary of one of England's greatest novelists, who was also a by no means undistinguished poet. In this cottage at Higher Bockhampton, near Dorchester, amid some of this country's most delightful landscape, Thomas Hardy was born on June 2, 1840, and here he wrote two of his earlier works, "Far from the Madding Crowd" and "Under the Greenwood Tree," both dealing with this Wessex he lived in and loved so well. Hardy died, full of years and honour, in 1928



AMERICAN ADMIRERS ERECTED THIS MEMORIAL TO HARDY BY THE COTTAGE WHERE HE WAS BORN

niece, was a widower, and was comfortably situated: but that blamelessness, I knew, never yet saved a victim. However, it turned out that old Mr. Thatcher was preparing to write the story of his life—a so much better method for his friends than telling it. The date is 1939. Thereafter we are conducted down the past years, *via* a marriage to a young girl who was unfaithful to him during the Great War. In thus retracing our footsteps with the narrator we are introduced to a number of real characters and to a lot of detail which eventually forms the pattern of a delightfully told life-story—not adventurous, not in the least resplendent, but entirely interesting all the same.



## DESTROYER DIFFICULTIES—No. 1



“INTO THE BREECH, DEAR FRIENDS!”

BY WING-COMMANDER E. G. OAKLEY-BEUTTLER

The exciting moment when, on convoy, a U-boat is sighted. “Action stations” is sounded off, the ship gives a bit of a wallow, and the sea gets ahead of the shell into the gun. The breech-block naturally has to be open, and the barrel thus served as something in the way of a super-squirt or hosepipe. Sailors don’t care, however, and even though they have not completed half of the loading operation, the gun’s crew are undismayed

# PICTURES IN THE FIRE

By "SABRETACHE"



SAM MARSH—HIS SHOW

The famous originator of this jolly little function at Scamperdale, Edenbridge, is in the centre of the group, and with him are Dr. Coulthard (left) and Dr. Laing. Let us hope neither of them had to do any job of work

"... the right use of bold persons is, that they never command in chief but be seconds and under the direction of others; for in counsel it is good to see dangers, and in execution not to see them, except they be very great."

THE same sage, whose words are, of course, so familiar to the erudite readers of this paper, that there is no need to tie a luggage-label on him, also remarked: "Boldness is ever blind, for it seeth not dangers and inconveniences; therefore it is ill in counsel, good in execution."

For these reasons, I think, when we

congratulate the new Prime Minister, we must also congratulate ourselves.

There is one thing above all others that you must never do: look at the roots of the fences. The place to look is over the top. It will not then matter what is the height and the stiffness of the obstacle.

Because the good horse we are backing has been hampered at the start by (a) an honest trier who was nobbled in the stable; and (b) by an owner who has been "sweetened" by the dishonest owner of the one that has managed to win, what just cause is there for imagining that our horse is not the real champion that we know that he is? It is not the first time in history

before, and the eventual result always has been most calamitous. This it will certainly prove to be in the present instance.

THE question which I think is sticking out a yard is this: "What would the German General Staff have said to a proposition for a long-distance overseas operation against a place in which all the serviceable ports and aerodromes were held by the enemy?"

It is about 100-to-1 on that they would have turned it down, and said that in modern war there is no room for chivalry.

ALL this glib chatter about air-raids which is flooding the Press in lands where they have never had any—yet—is most interesting, but in no way informative. Pompeii was a nasty mess-up, but just a Crystal Palace firework by comparison to the real thing. Signor Ansaldo was not born at that time, but he need not let that worry him. He may see something much better. As a "Picture in the Fire"—the last word being the operative one—let him visualise an old boot on the Via Appia with (as he thinks) a red sock in it. It is not a sock. Or again (as he may think) someone's dentures dropped by misadventure on the steps of the Palazzo Venezia. When he picks them up he will find there is a moustache that goes with them. And the noise and the dust are perfectly abominable! Gum-boots are recommended. They save your trousers getting stained as you splash through pools of gore. You cannot run very well in gum-boots, and this may be rather a drawback to him, but the hint is well intentioned.

(Continued on page 320)

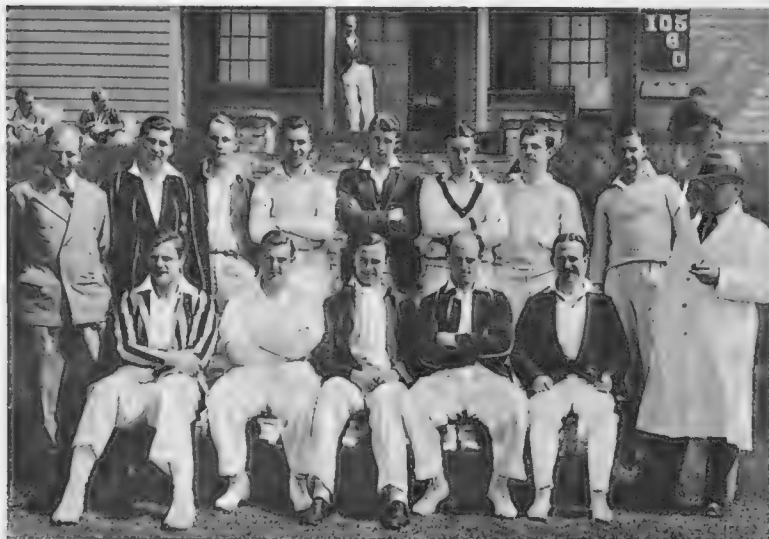


ALSO AT THE SCAMPERDALE SHOW

Miss R. Henderson, Count Orssich and Mrs. De Vere Hunt at that always pleasant moment when "stables" is sounded. The meeting was a hang-up success

that this sort of thing has happened. It may be that the owner who allowed himself to be "sweetened" will live to have great cause to regret it. This also has happened

poools of gore. You cannot run very well in gum-boots, and this may be rather a drawback to him, but the hint is well intentioned.



BEER-BARREL CRICKET

This Rosslyn Park XI. lost a wager of a barrel of beer to a British Empire XI. when the teams met recently on St. George's Hospital Ground, Wimbledon

The names are: (l. to r.; standing) F. H. G. Tomkins, R. E. Symes-Thomson, A. C. F. Roberts, C. W. Cornish, K. D. D. Scott, A. T. Thomas, S. A. Evans, R. A. J. Fenez, Commander C. D. Gilbert, R.N. (umpire); (sitting) D. K. Huxley, P. F. Cooper, M. E. Fenez (captain), J. G. W. Davies (Cambridge and Kent bowler), and C. Burton



AT THE WIMBLEDON MATCH

Taken at the "ringside" when a British Empire XI. beat Rosslyn Park by 213 runs to 177, for a barrel of beer, at Wimbledon, this picture shows several well-known cricketers and their spectator friends From left to right they are: Miss Audrey Salter, F. Tomkins, Hugh Bartlett (Sussex and England), Miss Elsa Christie, Miss Betty Hughes, Mrs. Tomkins, D. K. Huxley, Miss Rhona Tallack and her fiancé, D. F. R. Emus

Stuart





VISITING REVELLERS

With Miss Olivia O'Brien, sister of the Hon. Mrs. Bruce Ogilvy, are Mr. W. Jaenson, a visitor from Sweden, Miss T. Quinlan, from Australia, and Mr. E. F. Kirwan, on leave from the R.A.F., which these days may mean anywhere things are being made to hum



PRESIDENT AND ASSOCIATE

Mrs. Andrew Ganley, wife of the Irish playwright, is an Associate of the Royal Hibernian Academy, whose show is now on view in Dublin. With her, disguised as Omar Khayyám, is the R.H.A.'s President, Mr. Dermot O'Brien, a kinsman of Lord Inchiquin

## THE NINE ARTS BALL IN DUBLIN



HEAVEN AND HELL

Satan was caught by the photographer hobnobbing with an Angel at the Gresham. The persons concerned are in private life Miss Shelagh McCauley, one of this season's debs, and Mr. Desmond Leslie, younger son of that very famous Irish author, Mr. Shane Leslie



NAPOLEONIC ECHO

Far from current Napoleonicism is Mr. William Bonaparte-Wyse, seen here with Miss Betty Rummel. Mr. Bonaparte-Wyse is descended from Napoleon's niece, Lætitia, who married Sir Thomas Wyse



Poole, Dublin

GUESTS OF THE ARTS

A former Director of the National Gallery of Ireland, Dr. Thomas Bodkin, who is now Director of the Barber Institute of Fine Arts at Birmingham, was with Mrs. Jack McCann, wife of the Irish polo enthusiast

FANCY-DRESS QUARTET

(On Right)

The "Merry Widow" on the left is Miss Peggy Manley, while Disraeli (or is it George Arliss?) is impersonated by Ireland's leading portrait-painter, Mr. Leo Whelan, R.H.A. With them in this group are Mrs. Crinion and Mr. Harry Kernoff, R.H.A.

Having no petty truck with *Les Trois Arts* and suchlike, Dublin annually co-opts all Nine Muses to sponsor the Nine Arts Ball, held at the Gresham. The event coincides with the Exhibition of the Royal Hibernian Academy, and many of Ireland's distinguished painters figure on this page, among them those who have pictures hung in the current Burlington House Exhibition, as well as on their native heath. Over a thousand people sported entertaining and original fancy dresses





By ALAN BOTT

## "GOOD MEN SLEEP AT HOME" AT THE SHAFTESBURY



BIGGER AND BETTER LIES: MACKENZIE WARD, HUGH WAKEFIELD

THIS is a farce with most things that popular farces need, and continue to use. Take a wayward husband to a road-house with a film actress, knock him unconscious in a car accident, put him by mistake in the bridal suite with an unknown and also unconscious young woman, send for the pompous doctor. Give him, when he trots home to his loving wife, the unknown young woman's suitcase, and give his to the unknown young woman. Add a buddy who is capable of bigger and better lies than the not-so-gay deceiver. Spice with lots of cross-purposes, indignities and grotesque situations; sprinkle liberally with bright

speaking-tube, he called down it for poached eggs. If ever there was a loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind, this appeared to be it.

But there, one mustn't be superior. I have every reason to remember a very young Flight-Lieutenant who, towards the end of 1916, came home from the Battle of the Somme, and on leaving hospital was taken to a farce at the Criterion. He was nervous and irritable at the time, and for the first half-hour he unbent hardly at all. Then came a scene in a magistrate's court. A witness, describing an accident to a bus containing himself, a fat woman and a soldier, mentioned that somebody remarked "It's like being out at the front." "Ah," said the magistrate, "the soldier, I presume." "No," said the witness, "the fat woman." This, to the pilot crooked in the wars, seemed so vastly funny that he hooted long and loud, and thereafter not only enjoyed every minute of the show, but stopped being irritable for a fortnight. The farce was *A Little Bit of Fluff*, and its author was Walter Ellis. So, twenty-four years later, during another phase of the Hundred Years War, is the author of *Good Men Sleep at Home*, which at any rate is more than half as hilarious. So I hope it will do more than half as much for many who come from Narvik or Namur, Sylt or Zeebrugge, and if the war breaks that way, Dubrovnik or Constanza.

Hugh Wakefield remains a past-master in the art of suffering indignity with a hangdog, wholly serious air; Mackenzie Ward is nice and debonair as the lying buddy; Olga Lindo makes the fairly loving wife less of a stick than would happen in most other hands; Jane Welsh,

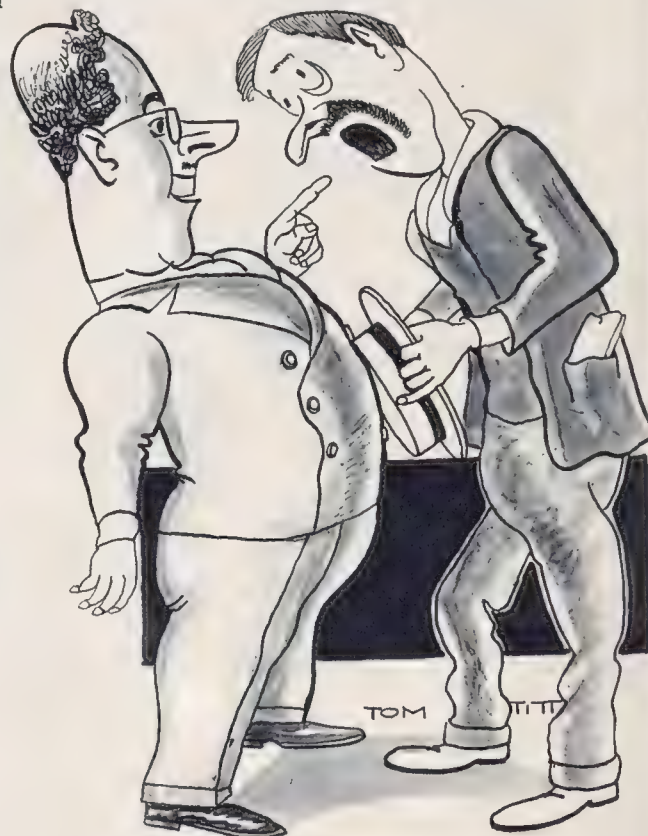


A FAIRLY LOVING WIFE: OLGA LINDO

again condemned to be the sweet girl, is as sweet as well-cooked pie; Anthony Holles does well by "character" and Christopher Steele by comic infirmity. And there are a drunk scene and a "mad" scene, as well as lots of fun with back-slappings, door-bangings, cabalistic gestures, innuendoes and changes of identity.



ALWAYS THE SWEET GIRL: JANE WELSH



"CHARACTER": ANTHONY HOLLES, CHRISTOPHER STEELE



## MURDER AND FORGERY—AT THE VAUDEVILLE



FRANCIS L. SULLIVAN AS HERCULE POIROT, THE SUAVE SLEUTH, IN "PERIL AT END HOUSE"

The most recent adventure of Agatha Christie's devastating detective is well up to, and perhaps above, sample. The ways of great crime specialists are various and wonderful: Poirot, most imperturbable of them all, perhaps, works out his problems building houses of cards. G. K. Chesterton's Father Brown preferred tying knots in bits of string, and the immortal Sherlock Holmes liked crawling about on hands and knees with a magnifying-glass, collecting cigar and cigarette ash





Navaya

## MISS JOY HOLDSWORTH HUNT

A recently taken portrait of the débutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Basil Holdsworth Hunt, who was one of the Maids of Honour at the Queen Charlotte's Ball, wartime substitute for the Courts. Miss Holdsworth Hunt is working as a V.A.D. at St. James's Palace



Lenore

## MISS FANNY FRASER

Another Queen Charlotte Maid of Honour who, in the ordinary course of events, would have been presented this season. Miss Fraser is the elder daughter of the Hon. Alastair and Lady Sybil Fraser, her father being an uncle of Lord Lovat and her mother the former Lady Sybil Grimston



Bassano

## MISS ELIZABETH DEVITT

The second daughter of Sir Philip and Lady Devitt, of Northaw Place, Hertfordshire, and yet another of those deprived of the débutante's just rights. Miss Devitt is working as a V.A.D. and doing it very well



Bassano

## MISS ROSEMARY LYTTELTON

The only daughter of Captain Oliver and Lady Moira Lyttelton, who is doing secretarial work at an emergency hospital. Captain Lyttelton is a kinsman of Lord Cobham, and Lady Moira Lyttelton the young sister of the Duke of Leeds



Harlip

## MISS YVONNE STUART JOHNSON

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Johnson's young daughter is hard at it training to be a V.A.D. and doing her bit for her country very nobly. The family abode is Henshall Hall, Congleton. Miss Stuart Johnson would have been presented but for the war

## THEIR "SEASON" IS WAR WORK

### DÉBUTANTES OF 1940 WHO ARE DOING THEIR BIT IN THE NATIONAL CAUSE

This collection of most attractive, despoiled débutantes of the first London season of the war can most certainly claim to throw down a challenge to anything to be seen on the walls of Burlington House. All these charming blossom buds of spring are doing something much more than add to the general decorative scheme, for they are doing work of national importance in various units





Bassano

**THE HON. LYDIA NOEL-BUXTON**

The eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Noel-Buxton is one of this war season's most charming débutantes. Her father is the second son of the late Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, G.C.M.G., and an uncle of the present baronet. Lady Noel-Buxton was, before her marriage, Miss Lucy Pelham-Burn



Harlip

**MISS ESMÉE HARMSWORTH**

Widely acclaimed at the Queen Charlotte's Ball as one of the year's outstandingly lovely débutantes, Miss Harmsworth is the younger daughter of the Hon. Esmond Harmsworth, who recently had an important Turf success with his filly, "Godiva," in the One Thousand Guineas



Lenarc

**MISS FLAVIA MISA**

The daughter of Major Harry Misa, D.S.O., formerly in the Bays and one of the best G.R.s in the country, is herself a good horse-woman, and hunts with the Warwickshire, Major Misa has the distinction of having twice been placed in races in which his horse has come down and he has had to catch him



Lenarc

**MISS JOANNA BANKS**

The daughter of Mrs. Wynne Banks, of Little House, Woking, was to have been presented this year if war had not clamped down on Court functions. Miss Banks is a granddaughter of Sir John Eldon Banks, a former Lord Justice of Appeal, and a niece of Lady Noel-Buxton



Hay Wrightson

**MISS MARY FRASER-TYTLER**

Mrs. Neil Fraser-Tytler, of Aldourie Castle, Inverness, holds high rank in the A.T.S., and her younger daughter is one of the most important of this season's Scottish débutantes. Miss Fraser-Tytler was, but for the war, to have come out in Inverness last autumn



Bassano

**MISS PATRICIA KINDERSLEY**

Captain and Mrs. Hugh Kindersley's daughter is another who comes out this season. Captain Kindersley, a banker who served in the Scots Guards in the last war, is a son of Sir Robert Kindersley, a director of the Bank of England and President of the National Savings Committee





MISS PAT CLULOW-GRAY AND MRS. FISHBURN, TWO OF THE TRAINEES, IN AN OFF-DUTY MOMENT



LADY ZIA WERNHER, LADY COUNTY PRESIDENT



MISS C. PARKER, THE MATRON, DELIVERING ONE OF MANY LECTURES :

AT  
DINGLEY HALL,  
WHERE OUR  
AUXILIARY  
NURSES  
ARE GIVEN  
AN INTENSIVE  
COURSE OF  
LIGHTNING  
TRAINING



A BANDAGING DEMONSTRATION : THE MATRON





MISS E. M. GILBERTSON, ONE OF THE STUDENTS. THEY ALL "LIVE IN" AT DINGLEY HALL

NT, NURSING DIVISION No. 3, EASTERN DISTRICT



N HELPING MRS. ANTHONY SHEPPARD (RIGHT)

The idea of a scheme for the high-speed training of would-be nurses originated at Rutland House, Bicester, run by Mrs. Beckwith Smith, wife of the Brigadier, who started the idea, and it was such a success that Lady Zia Wernher decided to follow suit at 1558 Dingley, Market Harborough, now owned by Mr. Bertram Currie and lent by him for this most excellent work. Dingley was the old home of the Downe family, and was bought by Lord Beatty. The course, which lasts a fortnight, is very strenuous, and each student pays a fee of £3, which includes very first-class tuition from the Matron, Miss C. Parker, who is seen hard at work in two of these pictures. Lady Zia Wernher, like her husband, Colonel Sir Harold Wernher, is a former Joint-Master of the Fernie Hounds, and their house, Lubenham, is quite close to Dingley



REVIVING A FAINTING CASE. (MISS MORRIS)—  
OPERATORS MISS AUCKLAND AND MISS BLENKINSOP



## PRISCILLA IN PARIS

**T**RÈS CHER—The business of deciding which of the many War Charity fêtes held daily is most deserving is getting me down. One can always send a cheque—unless one's bank-manager objects; mine wrote me a stinger the other day!—but that is a lazy, cross-nibbed way of getting out of it. In despair, I threw half-a-dozen cards into the W.P. basket, shook them up well and dipped with my eyes closed. This is what I got: "Lady Decies is lending her historic mansion (built in 1640 for Queen Christina of Sweden's Ambassador) in the rue des Saints-Pères, for a Charity Fête for the benefit of the Parish of St. Thomas d'Aquin. Articles (including fresh vegetables) and some drawings made by Lady Decies will be sold. St. Granier will entertain in the afternoon. Coronation robes and coronet worn by her Ladyship will be on view." I think I shall send Josephine with cheque and market-basket complete in the morning, but I fear I shall give St. Granier and the robes a miss. St. Granier runs André de Fouquières a close second as a Speaker—or do I mean Spieler?—but he was very rude, in print, about maidens-in-uniform the other day, while André is a champion fund-getter for the various feminine automobile formations that do so much good in Paris (and elsewhere), and only wear uniform when on duty.

**T**HE gala *première* of Oscar Strauss's new operetta, *Mes Amours*, at the Théâtre Marigny, raked in sacks of shekels (130,000 francs, to be exact) for Lady Mendl's "Colis de Trianon," an organisation that sends real presents-from-home parcels to homeless soldiers (if you know what I mean) at the

Front. This was one of those affairs that one simply had to get tickets for, and hang the overdraft. A gorgeous audience . . . one of the first really full-dress affairs we

I have just been to a *salle d'actualités*, as the news-reel houses are called over here, to see the latest war pictures, and I am still half-deafened with the cheers and



FERNAND GRAVET AND FLORENCE MARLY

A scene from the French screen version of James Cain's tough American novel, "The Postman Always Rings Twice," which is on at the Embassy Cinema, Tottenham Court Road. Fernand Gravet, one of France's leading film actors, who has also been to Hollywood where he played Strauss in *The Great Waltz*, has the part of Frank, a murderer and general bad-hat, who eventually goes to the guillotine for a murder that was in fact an accident, and Florence Marly is Madge, characterised as a "voluptuous lion-tamer"



S.A.S. PRINCESSE ANTOINETTE DE MONACO Her Highness, who is the granddaughter of the Prince of Monaco, presides "avec une souriante autorité" over the Comité Monégasque d'Assistance et de Secours, which has been formed in that holiday Principality to help Monégasques who are serving with the French Army. In view of Governmental encouragement of British visits to France, it is good news that Monaco is going ahead as usual with plans for a gay summer season

have had in Paris since the war started. The curtain was supposed to rise at 8.15, but it only did so at a quarter "of" nine, as the Dook and Duchess, who came with the American Ambassador, were a thought late. Lady Mendl had Sir Ronald Campbell in her box, and the ex-King of Albania, with spouse and sisters, was present also. The show, as a show, is quite a show. But it will have to be cut, good and plenty, before it goes like the wind with the every-evening public, and, being summat captious, I suggest that an operetta with such tuneful music should have another leading lad than André Luguet, who is a fine actor, but who cannot sing for little apples, nuts or charity; however, we consoled ourselves with Roger Tréville, who was there also, and delighted us with his small but enchanting voice.

**P**ARIS housewives have received the intimation that henceforth French cheeses will wear an identity disc. So be careful, lads-on-leave, and gently probe your section of Camembert or your slice of Gruyère before you chew. In point of fact, this is not so crazy as it may sound. There has been a good deal of illicit speculation in the cow-likker market, and henceforth every cheese will carry its birth certificate as well as its trade-mark, and since certain cheeses have to be eaten or scrapped by a given date, undue stocking (and I don't mean in the hosiery line) will become impossible.

applause with which the audience greeted the arrival of British soldiers from overseas. There was a time, not so long ago, when the words *entente cordiale* became almost meaningless, but now, certain politics and knavish tricks having been duly frustrated, mutual understanding is again "tray-bong" and "ver'goude." Mr. Duff Cooper, when he spoke on the subject of America and the war, warned his French hearers that victory was certain provided the French and British remained united and that the one aim of Germany was to split the Allies. Quite; but I do hope he didn't hear the rude little boy, sitting in the front row, who murmured: "Tu parles mon vieux"! Certain facts bear repeating, but the French public of the class that goes to afternoon *conférences* resents the obvious. However, applause crashed forth at the same moment, so one hopes for the best.

**H**AS the following story that delights those of us with sma' minds come your way yet? It is about the German citizen who, weary of the Nazi régime, resolved to end his life. But the rope with which he tried to hang himself broke, the poison failed to take effect, and the revolver jammed. They were all worthless *ersatz*. He decided, therefore, to go on living and make the best of things, and, in order to celebrate, went out on as terrific a binge as Berlin affords. But after the first glass of champagne he fell dead! It was *ersatz* too.

PRISCILLA.





## LILIAN HARVEY IN "SERENADE"

The life of that romantic young (or young-romantic) composer, Schubert, is a hardy annual of stage and screen, and his serenade, "Softly Through the Night is Calling," a fine focal point for romance allsorts. Latest version is French and on view at the Academy. Lilian Harvey, cosmopolitan star who sprang to world fame in *Congress Dances*, has the part of Margaret Brenton, English dancer who is the "talk of Vienna" and object of the *Sérénade*. Bernard Lancret plays Schubert, and Louis Jouvet, whose outstandingly polished acting is one of the mainstays of the Paris stage and of so many of the French films that come over here, is Vienna's Chief of Police, who arranges *danseuse* Brenton's deportation in order that Schubert may stick to his symphonies





THE MARCHESA MALASPINA, CAPTAIN ARTHUR BLAKE, FAMOUS TRAINER,  
AND LORD GLENTORAN (OWNER)

The beautiful wife of the Secretary of the Italian Legation in Eire with two Turf celebrities. Lord Glentoran's "Dunseverick" ran up in the Greer Plate, the principal event on the card

## RACING IN DUBLIN'S FAMOUS PLAYGROUND, PHOENIX PARK



SIR WALTER NUGENT, 'MRS. FITZ GERALD,  
AND SIR JAMES NELSON

The two less decorative figures in this group are both well-known owners and prominent members of the Irish Turf Club



BETWEEN RACES: LADY DE FREYNE  
AND THE HON. MRS. HUBERT PRESTON

The latter of the two ladies is the wife of Captain the Hon. Hubert Preston, Lord Gormanston's uncle, and Lady De Freyne is a daughter of Sir John Arnott and mother of the present Peer, who is a minor and succeeded to the title in 1935



MR. PETER BURRELL AND MR.  
J. A. DEWAR

Sir Merrik Burrell's son, director of the National Stud in Kildare, is with the famous owner of "Cameronian," 1931 Derby winner. They say Mr. Dewar's "Camphor" may win this year, if indeed there is to be a Derby in 1940, even the substituted event at Newbury



POOLE, DUBLIN.  
HUNTING ENTHUSIASTS: MISS OLGA  
ATKINSON AND MRS. GODDARD

A West Meath and a Kildare well-known whose year terminates with the appearance of the violets. Miss Atkinson is the only daughter of the late Hon. Hector Atkinson, a younger son of the late Lord Atkinson



## "MEL" WITH THE A.A.S.F.—No. 1



• NO. BLANK FIGHTER SQUADRON, R.A.F., SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE: By "MEL"

All these young pilots are fine-looking fellows and as keen as mustard, and they all have, to quote their C.O., "seen the black cross"; in other words, they have engaged the enemy in aerial combat. The R.A.F. nowadays talk about their daily "ten before breakfast," and if we may judge by recent happenings, this is no idle boast. The Air Force has shown that it is as good as ever! This cartoon is the first of a series which our artist has been privileged to do in the actual zone of conflict



## BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

IT was the first time that the old farmer had been in town in the black-out. In a dimly-lit window he saw rows of large pies. They looked tempting, so he entered. It was equally dim inside.

"I'll take one of those," he said, pointing to the objects in the window. The shopkeeper put one in a box, and the farmer groped his way out. Five minutes later he returned.

"Ye'll ha'e tae tak' this pie back," he said. "I've nearly smashed ma teeth tryin' to break through the crust."

"Pie!" shouted the shopkeeper in amazement. "Man, that's not a pie! It's a tortoise!"

AT a small chapel in one of the Yorkshire dales the appointed minister had failed to make his appearance at the time for the beginning of the usual service.

One of the waiting congregation, a local farmer, was eventually persuaded to officiate as substitute for the absent cleric. The lesson was the chapter from the Book of Daniel, which contains the oft-recurring passage: "At what time ye hear the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psalter, dulcimer, and all kinds of music."

The farmer, with evident trepidation, waded three times through the comprehensive catalogue of ancient Babylonian instruments.

When, however, he again came to "At what time ye hear," he paused for a moment, wiped the perspiration from his brow, and then continued: "It's t'same band again, friends. Ah needn't read 'em out."

"AYE," said the old man, "I be the oldest in the village—ninety-five come Christmas—and I reckon I'd be a hunderd if it hadn't been for this 'ere putting back of clocks."

TWO negroes were discussing their ancestry. Said one, "I can trace ma ancestry right back along the family tree."

"Well," answered the other pensively, "thar's only two sorts o' things dat lives in trees. Dey's monkeys and birds—and you ain't got no fevvers on you."

THE young soldier was expecting to be sent to France any day, and wanted to marry his girl at once. She hesitated, and decided to ask the advice of her wise old maiden aunt.

"Tell me," she said, "do you think I'm too young to marry?"

"Well, dear," replied her aunt, "if I had my time over again I'd get married before I had sense enough not to."

THE bald-headed centre-forward was not very happy. Time and again the wing men swung over beautiful passes, and each time he headed it the ball flew off in a different direction from the one he had intended it to go.

Finally an exasperated spectator who was weary of this display called out to him.

"Hi, Baldy!" he yelled. "Go off and chalk yer cue!"

THE orderly officer entered the mess-room and asked the soldiers dining there if there were any complaints.

There were. One young recruit sprang up and complained that he'd found a cigarette-end on the edge of his dinner-plate.

"Good heavens, man!" exclaimed the officer. "What do you expect—a packet of twenty?"



"Nice work, Colonel! You've holed your divot."

A Nazi in Berlin blocked the passage of a man in the street.

"Step aside, Jew!" he commanded. "Step aside for a Nazi."

The other, a good German citizen, looked at the Nazi with all the distaste of six years written on his face.

"I'm not a Jew," he said in a tired voice. "I just happen to look intelligent."

AT a certain convalescent hospital for naval officers there was a particularly pretty nurse.

One after another the officers invited her out to dinner—only to be told by the matron, a very strict individual, that the rules of the hospital would not allow this.

One day, however, a new patient, who had made the usual invitation and had received the same answer, said to the matron: "How very unfortunate, as I happen to be her brother."

"How very unfortunate indeed," replied the matron, "as I happen to be her mother!"

THE doctor giving a First Aid lecture had just asked a pupil what he would do if he had rescued a man from drowning.

"Lay him on his chest and apply artificial respiration," was the reply.

"But," said the doctor, "what if the man had broken a rib?"

"Then I'd lay him on his back and use his arms to apply Sylvester's method."

"Then," answered the man, "I'd throw the blighter back and let someone else find him."



"You 'eard!"





# Powder

As the bloom on the peach — Elizabeth Arden powders on the perfect skin, kept soft, fresh and delicate with Elizabeth Arden Essential Preparations. All powders made by Elizabeth Arden are absolutely pure . . . They give your skin that look of ideal transparency which goes with the new romantic fashions. They are designed to bring out your most attractive features—and disguise any shortcomings you may have to contend against. They provide the finishing touch to an exquisite Elizabeth Arden make-up. Elizabeth Arden Powders come in many different and exquisite shades. There is the right powder for every type of skin—and every colour-scheme. *Ardena or Japonica Powder, 7/6 @ 12/6*

# Elizabeth Arden



THE TATLER  
SHORT STORY

## SEPTEMBER 3RD.

By C. E. W. Mackintosh

PROFESSOR BARDER sat on the big wooden verandah of the Gasthaus in Rombach, looking up at the precipitous north face of the Tromberg. Rombach is situated on the German Swiss frontier and was at one time called Rummelnbach because, it was said, that until the end of the Thirty Years War the mountain had rumbled like war-drums. Local tradition held that if the rumble recurred it would herald the beginning of another war.

On this occasion the bearded Professor, who was generally known by the nickname of "Bardy," was not thinking of wars. He was carefully examining a small white rock-plant which he had picked that day at the risk of his neck. He was a great authority on Alpine flowers and had attended the Vienna Conference of 1906 on the nomenclature of Alpine flora, and these had since provided him with an all-absorbing hobby. He looked up with real pleasure in his face when he saw Ralph come out of the Bierstube, as he knew that he would have a sympathetic listener. He welcomed him to his table with a smile and said, "I have been bursting to tell someone who likes mountain flowers about my wonderful find. Look at this."

Ralph took the plant from the table and studied it closely as he settled down to listen to the Professor. He was not actually interested in the technical side of botany, but he loved to hear about these rare plants which grew on the dangerous rock faces of the Tromberg, always, it seemed to him, just out of reach. Mechanically taking back the small but precious plant, Bardy commenced his story in what Ralph called his "lecture-hall manner."

"This specimen of *Androcea helvetica* has created two records," he announced excitedly. "*Androcea* grows exclusively between 7800 ft. and 10,000 ft. on limestone rock and flowers from July to the end of August, according to its altitude. This plant, allowing for the full variation in barometric pressure, was growing at 7200 ft. and was actually in flower on the second day of September. There is no record of *helvetica* growing under 9000 ft. or flowering later than August roth."

Ralph knew the old man's reputation as a mountaineer and had the greatest respect for his prowess as a climber. He looked at the flower with unfeigned interest. The leaves were soft, dark green and formed a perfect background for the pure white, five-petalled flowers with their bright yellow centres which gave the impression of cherub faces.

Bardy sipped his beer and became highly technical: "There are several varieties of *Androcea*, both white and pink. The *helvetica* have a terminal sessile flower on each branch, the imbricated leaves adpressed to the lanceolate stem."

Ralph could not think of flowers in these terms: they appealed to him in the more romantic sense as "Stars called forth by dawn to take the place of those fading from the Heavens."

The two men sat silently contemplating the beauty of the Alpine night. Ralph was thinking over his new gun-mount. For months he had been working on it, and now it was nearly ready. In the solitude of the mountain he had solved the last technical difficulty.

"I suppose you are thinking about your gun again and have not heard a word I said." Bardy's words brought Ralph back to consciousness. He got up and, glancing at Bardy, whose beard looked particularly dishevelled, he said with a wink, "Not a word did I hear and now I'm off to bed. Good-night, you old nanny-goat, and don't nibble up your rare plant absent-mindedly."

"If people thought more about my flowers and less about your guns, there would be no crises in the world!" snapped Bardy, obviously pleased with his retort.

It was 6 a.m. when Ralph woke. Icy dew lay like pearls on the Alpine pasture, and far up on the alp he could hear the mellow clanging of the cow-bells. Soon the snow would fall. The cattle were coming down to graze in the home fields near the cowsheds, where the spicy Alpine hay was stored for the long winter months.

As Ralph contemplated the tricks of the yellow light of dawn shining pink on the higher peaks and unfolding petal by petal like some giant flower, his eye was caught by a small black figure disappearing into the pine-trees. It was Bardy making an early start for the north face. Ten minutes later, rucksack over his shoulder, Ralph followed him through the tree-level to the alp above. Here he sat down and studied the forbidding rock-face to see if he could identify Bardy. Presently he saw him, a mere speck against the giant rock-face, moving with exceptional speed for such difficult ground. Ralph made a mental note of the route and the ledges which seemed to offer resting-places and started to climb after the Professor. The climb proved unexpectedly arduous, and it was nearly three hours before he reached the big ledge which was his objective. By great luck he had come across a fine specimen of *Androcea carnea* on the way up; it was the pink variety, which was, in his opinion, far prettier than the white.

He pulled himself over the ledge, and there, face to face, he met Bardy.

"*Androcea carnea*!"—he held out his hand.

"*Gott in Himmel!* I did not know you were one of us! Why, only last night I made a copy from the draft plans of the new gun-mounting which were in your room. The particulars I was just going to send to Munich this morning." Ralph's mind worked like lightning. By mistake he had stumbled on the truth. Obviously the password must be "*Androcea carnea*."

"I have already sent full details of the new mounting to Essen," said Ralph. "I give you full marks for getting the plans. How were you going to send them?"

Bardy smiled. "Come inside and I will show you. Some years ago I discovered these caves. They are the old water-course of the Rummelnbach. The cliff formation here is calcareous and easily worn away by the harder quartz rocks which fall into the torrent from above. These rocks get into the pools and then, revolved by the water, they mill vertical tunnels, many of them hundreds of feet deep. Ultimately these come to a fissure in the cliff itself, and the entire stream finds a new outlet. That is what must have happened in the May of 1648, at the termination of the Thirty Years War, and is the explanation of the local story about the cessation of the rumbling at that date. After discovering the old water-course on one of my climbs, I

mentioned casually to a German engineer what a perfect power-station Nature had provided. Imagine my surprise when two or three days later a courier brought me a confidential letter signed by the Führer himself. It requested me as a citizen of the Reich, in the strictest secrecy, to undertake the construction of a radio-station, with the full co-operation of the German corps of mountain engineers. It was a real achievement to have completed the transport and installation of the plant without detection. The station is now in full working order, and is undoubtedly one of the most beautiful in the world, situated as it is among these great peaks with their adorning gems the mountain flora."

Ralph was staggered by his discovery and horrified to know that his invention was now shared with a German agent. But Bardy was speaking again: "I will take you down by another route," he said, "which only the best mountaineers can attempt; it goes right past the rock where I picked my *helvetica* yesterday."

They set off down the precipitous face. The light and perfect rhythm of Bardy's movement astonished Ralph. He had never seen a man of that age so supple and so certain of his balance. They climbed on down, Bardy in the lead. Ralph was puzzling feverishly what he should do. Here was a spy, an enemy of his country, who had stolen a secret which might, in event of war, decide the supremacy of the air. The dangerous and unpleasant thought entered his mind—one push and there would be no more Bardy. "Climber's death fall." It would be murder—there was as yet no war. . . .

They proceeded very cautiously. "This is a dangerous bit here," Bardy remarked. "It is slate, so be careful." Suddenly he gave a great cry of amazement. "Look!" he said, pointing to the sloping ledge below. "*Androcea wulfeniana!* Can I believe my eyes! This has never been found in the central alps before; hitherto it has been found exclusively on the outcrops of slate in the mountains of Carinthia. We must have this at all costs."

Quickly unknottling the rope, he moved with more enthusiasm than judgment over the loose earth and the grass that grew in patches on the wet, sloping slate.

Ralph watched him apprehensively as he progressed over the treacherous ground. He saw his foothold give and heard the scratch of his nailed boots as he vainly attempted to regain his balance. But the slate crumbled and broke, and he plunged to a certain death 1500 ft. below.

For some minutes Ralph did not move. Then, still stunned by the tragedy, he climbed slowly back to Bardy's caves. Here he mechanically selected a crowbar and deliberately levered the great dynamo and the rest of the machinery to the edge of the subterranean waterfall. With a last big heave the machinery toppled over. It echoed, banged and hissed its way to the bottom, where it jammed against a narrow outlet. The result was frightening; the spirits of the Rummelnbach were active again; they had avenged themselves on the Professor for desecration of their peace with instruments of war, and now, fed on the big man-made dynamos, they rumbled a warning to a peaceful world.

It was Sunday, September 3rd.



# Chesro

Trade Mark

# Frocks

IN T O O T A L F A B R I C S

REGD

Chesro are specially successful with the tailored type of frock. Notice the perfect cut and line, the clever detail of the examples illustrated. These lovely frocks will all wash and wear beautifully, for all are made of T O O T A L F A B R I C S.



## Chesro model EA19 (left)

Flattering princess style in T O O T A L L I N E N, effectively trimmed white harebell appliqué and harebell buttons to hem. T O O T A L L I N E N is crease-resisting and washes excellently, wash as wool, iron damp.

## Chesro model EA161 (centre)

Classic tailored style in L O V A — a fine wool and rayon blend. A delightful lightweight frock for those cooler days when you need something rather warmer than the average wash frock. Will wash beautifully — wash as wool. Various colours and sizes.

## Chesro model EA160 (right)

in L Y S T A V, a crease-resisting rayon. Classic style, skirt pleated front and back. Revers and bodice trimmed contrast stitching. Buttons to hem with novel two-tone buttons. Will wash beautifully — wash as silk.



## AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

## Censor Humour

MORALS censors are the Prime Ministers of misery and the guardians of gloom. They take enormous pains in seeing that what they call "doubtful" jokes are suppressed, but they do not mind a bit when traitorous statements weakening our war effort and reducing our chance of survival are broadcast. Their real purpose is always clear: to stop all forms of sensual enjoyment, to make us all as lively as a pound of putty. Morals censors should be censored out of existence. But security censors are a very different thing, and my experiences with them have taught me to like them and to look on them not only as valuable guides, but also occasionally as unconscious comedians. They deal with matter written for the Press and they see that it contains nothing which could endanger or hamper our fighting men or our war effort.

One has to realise that their task is no easy one. The Ministry of Information, under which they come, is as muddled an organisation as it could well be. And the Service departments are not always quite sure themselves as to what should and what should not be published. Thus it comes about that things which the censors stop may appear immediately afterwards in some official document, broadcast to the world. There was the case where they struck out the names of the places where certain aircraft factories were situated, while all the time there were large illustrations of the factories, with full details of their positions, on show in the windows of the Air Ministry in Kingsway!

## Secret Aircraft

EVEN more remarkable, however, was the action of the censors when a photograph showing an aeroplane was submitted to them for passing. They passed the picture on one condition: that the number on the aeroplane should be carefully taken out before publication. Now it so happened that that aeroplane was one of our old friends, the Avro 504K! It looks rather as if we shall have to be careful if we want to write about the B.E.2c. Perhaps the time will come when Blériot's cross-Channel monoplane will be turned into a military secret.

Although I take delight—as must almost every writer—in the slips of

the censors, I am not in favour of a reduction in military censorship. On the contrary, I would rather see a firmer hold kept on statements about military operations. I would even go farther than that and say that I do not believe that some of the German propaganda should be given wide circulation over here. After all, we know from advertising experience that the views and actions of even the best-balanced

people in the community can be influenced by sufficiently intense and sufficiently ingenious propaganda. It is not that people are incapable of thinking things out for themselves; it is that they are busy with their work and cannot really devote themselves to examining critically all the problems which crop up in war.

Was it wise, for instance, when the feelings

of America are known, to give such aid to Goebbels in spreading his absurd story about Hitler's decision to put the Duke of Windsor back on the throne of England when he had conquered us? It is to be remembered that the abdication aroused strong feelings in this country and abroad. The very suggestion that there would still be a King of England after Hitler had conquered us tends to encourage the feeling that life under the Hitler régime might not be so different or so bad after all. Frankly, I would not have permitted that story to have been given extra currency in the British Press. In that sort of case, more censorship, not less, is needed.



Stuart

## W.A.A.F. OFFICER CADETS

To this training school go selected members of that important Auxiliary Force, the W.A.A.F., to be prepared for the wider duties and responsibilities appertaining to commissioned rank

In the group are: (back row, l. to r.) A.C.W. C. King, Cpl. M. E. Jackson, A.C.W. R. Campbell-Rogers, Sgt. W. M. Baker, A.C.W. I. Davis, Cpl. S. E. H. Tylden, Sgt. C. E. M. Smith, Cpl. A. P. T. Carson; (middle row) Cpl. Hon. Viola Lyttelton, Cpl. M. Wilkinson, A.C.W. R. A. Birchall, A.C.W. B. Dix-Perkin, A.C.W. J. G. H. Ellis, Sgt. M. A. L. Brown, Sgt. M. W. Parker; (front row) A.C.W. M. A. Keech, Sgt. D. I. Warren Brown, Flt.-Lieut. A. V. Griggs, Wing-Com. L. F. J. Chandler (O.C.), Section Officer M. Kirk (Commandant W.A.A.F.), P/O. K. E. Judd, A.C.W. K. Stephenson, A.C.W. L. Horn



Bassano

## AIRMAN AT HOME

Squadron-Leader Nigel Seely, seen here in his garden with Mrs. Seely and their elder son, Charles, is a nephew of Lord Mottistone, famous in the last war as General Jack Seely, and is serving with the Auxiliary Air Force. Mrs. Seely was before her marriage Miss Isabella Rieben, three times golf champion of Wales. A second son was christened early this month at St. James's, Gerrard's Cross, Sir Hugh Seely, Squadron-Leader Seely's brother, being among the godparents

## U.S.A. Discovery

A message recently printed in one of the newspapers reported that a high officer of the United States Army Air Corps had said that German progress in military aircraft had been so rapid that it had virtually made all aircraft then under construction in the U.S.A. obsolete. Not a very encouraging message either for his own Service, or for the Allies, who have placed orders there. But he further went on to say that the reason he had reached this conclusion was that the Germans were using self-sealing tanks, bullet-proof glass and large-calibre automatic guns.

Now, with all due respect to the gallant officer, it must be pointed out that if these things are new to the United States aircraft industry, that industry must be further behind the times than most of us in this country believed. Almost the first Heinkel brought down by the Royal Air Force in Great Britain was noted as having self-sealing tanks, and these have been in production in England since long before the war. They have been under development since the war of 1914-18, and I was trying them experimentally in 1917. For American officers who hold these extraordinary views, I think an occasional visit to Europe would be of value.



"Both Schweppes, sir"



# PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. McMINNIES

103½ M.P.H. Average

ITALY, despite the rumblings of war, recently ran off her annual Mille Miglia road race on the Brescia circuit. The seventy-one starters were divided into classes ranging from 750 c.c. to 3000 c.c., and though Italy was well represented by Alfa Romeo, a German 2-litre B.M.W. won the 923 miles event at the astonishing average of 103½ m.p.h. The car was a streamline saloon of last year's type fitted with this year's improved engine, which has an 8 to 1 compression and develops 134 b.h.p. at 5500 r.p.m. Super-chargers were barred, so that its performance was all the more remarkable. Other points worth noting are that its speed was within a few m.p.h. of the track record for the same distance, and that the fuel consumption worked out at over 16 m.p.g.

I have some experience of the 2-litre and smaller type B.M.W.s. Their astonishing performance and economy in fuel are due to their light weight, which owes much to a compact lay-out. A year or two ago a friend took me round the coast of France in a small B.M.W. Its maximum speed was over 80, it steered as precisely and easily as a bicycle, and was parsimonious in its petrol. The only bad feature about it was the tyres, which, presumably, being made of rubber substitute, failed repeatedly on the rocky tracks we sometimes encountered.

## Wheel-Changing

THE first puncture occurred in Normandy. When we tried to undo the wheel nuts, we found their edges had worn round and failed to grip the brace. In vain we inserted bits of tin between the brace and nuts to take up the waste space. After half an hour's work in a broiling sun we decided to borrow a brace from a passing car. The three we stopped were no use. So my friend took a lift back to the nearest town and half an hour later returned with a new brace. This fitted perfectly, but its head parted with its shaft as soon as pressure was applied. So the owner had to cudge another lift back to the town, buy a better brace and return with a French mechanic with a set of special wheel-nut removing spanners. After some effort he loosened the nuts, the wheel was changed and we continued our tour.

Tyres are so good to-day that it may be a year or two before one has to change a wheel. And then it's quite likely that the wheel nuts will have seized on their studs. Few modern tool-kits include a heavy hammer or mallet wherewith to beat the brace, and a brickbat is not always handy. So the wise motorist will check up the wheel nuts in the garage occasionally and grease the bevels of the nuts every few months, to ensure quick removal when the time comes.

## Benzole Production Pioneer

THE Government's renewed interest in the production of motor spirit from coal reminds me that the possibilities of

benzole were discovered and written up in *The Motor* some thirty years ago by Edgar de Normanville who was then on that paper's staff. De Normanville's series of articles created widespread interest at the time, and if only his advice had been more widely adopted we should



MR. JACK BARCLAY'S BENTLEY AT HOME

This very distinguished Bentley, bearing the number-plate JB 1, finds an appropriate setting in front of Mr. Jack Barclay's country home, an historic manor-house at Ewhurst, Surrey, eleven miles from Guildford, which is reputed to have been used by King Henry II. as a hunting-box



A NEW SUNBEAM-TALBOT

This beautiful and efficient three-litre sports saloon is one of the latest products of the firm which has sprung from two of the most famous names in British motor manufacture, Sunbeam and Talbot, as well known for their performance on the road as for their victories on the race-track

not be in the present backward state of home fuel production. After the Great War de Normanville continued his experiments in epicyclic gears, and produced a sort of self-changing gear which figured on certain Humber cars. The last time I saw him was playing squash at the De Havilland Club at Hatfield.

## Paper-Saving in Coventry

IT was a gusty day in Coventry, and as I drove down the Foleshill road a large open van appeared laden with waste paper, which the wind was whirling out in its wake. It reminded me of a flock of seagulls following a ship. Drawing abreast the van I read this sign, "Don't Waste Paper." And then in a bus in London the floor was littered with used tickets, and you've only got to visit a race-meeting or football match to see what an untidy race we are. In Germany, I believe, you're fined if you litter up the place. But in a car it's often a problem to know what to do with the scraps of paper that accumulate in the cubby-hole. One doesn't like to throw them overboard, and there's no waste-paper basket among the accessories. And so the cubby-hole becomes a dump for used tobacco packets, cigarette cartons, notices, tickets and leaflets. A detachable bag-pocket, which could be emptied periodically, would be a useful fitting and might be located on one of the front doors if pockets are not already provided.

month's ration, so that some 400 miles' fuel is available in all. Latest news from the Scottish hotels shows they are functioning as usual. For instance, the Atholl Palace at Pitlochry is staging its usual fun and games programme. This reminds me that when I was there last summer I met a man and his daughter who made a regular practice of running up to Pitlochry on a Friday night and returning to London on the Sunday night. They took turns at the wheel of the Ford "V 8," and made an almost non-stop run. I can't remember what their average speed was, but with good lamps it must have approached 50.

## To Sell or Not to Sell?

OWNERS who have laid up one or more cars are wondering whether it is wise to dispose of them now. New cars will become scarcer and their prices are already rising. That may account for the fact that there has been a steady demand for good used cars at the right price. While the stocks of these vehicles are plentiful at the moment, they will be absorbed as the war goes on. For which reason it seems wise to hold on to a stored car for the present and especially so if it is a small one. During a recent 200 miles' run I was amazed at the number of Austin, Morris and Ford "Eights" of '37 and '38 vintage on the road. I don't think I passed more than three private cars of over 16 h.p. So that in a year's time a good used small car may be worth more than its original price.



# BENTLEY

*The Silent Sports Car*

RESEARCH

EXPERIMENT

DEVELOPMENT

Although the manufacture of Bentley cars has ceased whilst hostilities continue, the Company are pursuing without cessation, the important work of research, experiment and development in connection with their chassis.



BENTLEY MOTORS (1931) LIMITED  
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WHERE YOU'LL FIND  
THE FINEST  
SELECTION OF  
ROLLS-ROYCE AND  
BENTLEY CARS  
IN THE WORLD

12 & 13, St. George's Street, Hanover Sq.  
W.1, opposite St. George's Church  
Mayfair 7444





# The Highway of Fashion

by M. S. Brooke



IT is sometimes overlooked that Jantzen, in addition to their swim suits, excel in sportswear in general. They are responsible for the trousers and sweater portrayed on the left. The former are of worsted. They are man tailored, with a sewn-in crease running up to the waistband. The Velvasuede sweater has a Velvalure back and sleeves; this fabric is knitted by Jantzen and contains Lastex yarn. This allows complete freedom of movement for all sports. The materials bear a striking resemblance to each other

NEVER has there been a time when the tailored suit has been regarded with greater favour. A particularly practical version of the same may be seen on this page. It comes from Aquascutum, 100 Regent Street. It is carried out in soft tweed of a pale sage shade; the cardigan coat is relieved with check in which yellow and green tints are present. The skirt has a straight back, but is gored in front, the result being a slim line over the hips. Made to measurements, the price is twelve guineas. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that this firm make a feature of Service uniforms for men and women, also of wrap coats of every kind

Photographs by Hugh White







# Le Muguet

(LILY OF THE VALLEY)

Clear and cool as the note of a convent bell stealing across the still waters of a lake at eventide — 'Le Muguet' has a wistful purity which tugs at the strings of the heart. The serene fragrance of lily of the valley can never be mistaken for any other perfume, and that fragrance is imprisoned for ever in 'Le Muguet,' created by Coty. 'Le Muguet,' loveliest of flower perfumes, costs from 32/6 to 3/9.

"LE MUGUET" by *Coty*



FROM ALL THE BEST PERFUMERY AND BEAUTY COUNTERS, OR THE COTY SALON, 2 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

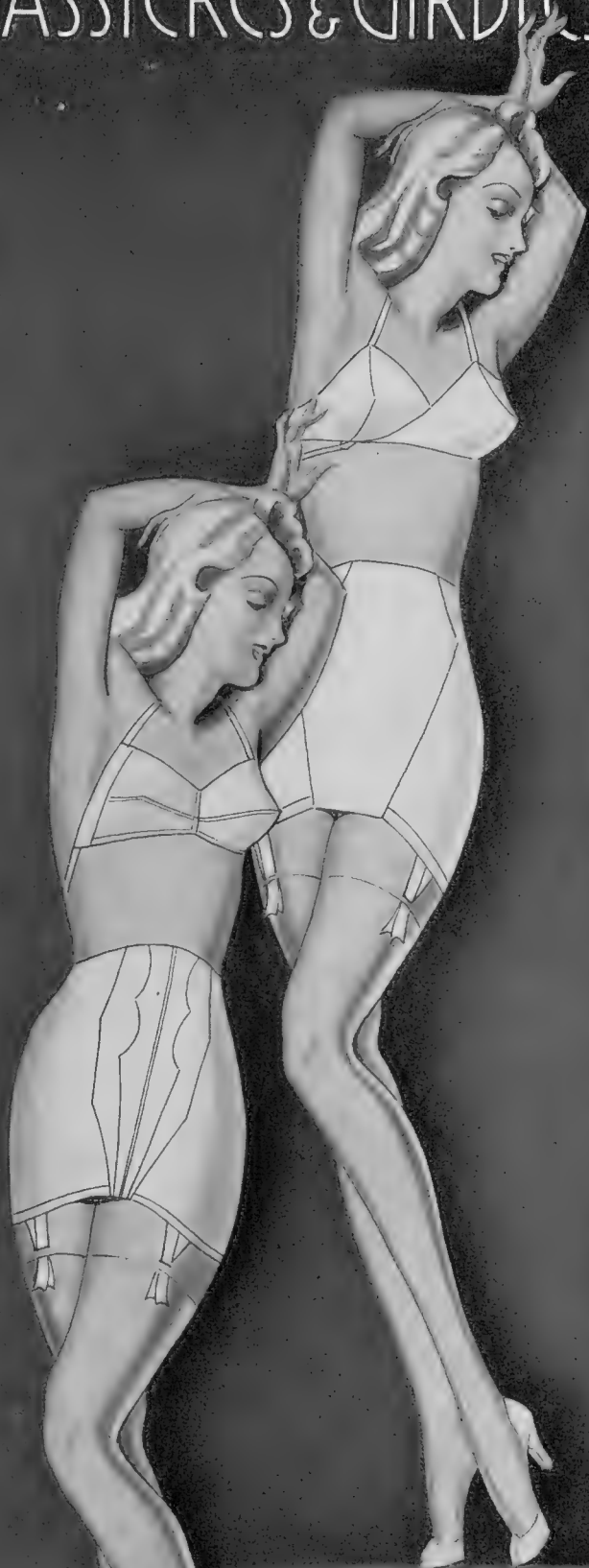
*Apple Blossom Time*

SOME people are very persistent, the result being that they discover novel ideas which lead to success. Madame Helena Rubinstein is presenting the new twin sequence of Apple Blossom Fragrance and Make-up. She has captured the light, delicate, thrilling scent, and distilled it into a perfume. There is Dusting Powder as well, and Bath Essence. The elusive tints present in the Apple Blossom Make-up must be seen, otherwise it is impossible to appreciate their true decorative value. There is rouge, lipstick, nailgroom, eyeshadow and mascara. Dickins & Jones' American Fashion Salon, Regent Street, is in the picture, too, as they have contributed the lovely dress illustrated. It is carried out in the softest of chiffon. The corsage is shirred, the skirt falls in graceful lines, and although the coat is a separate affair and is reinforced with bishop's sleeves and a hood, the cost is only seven and a half guineas. Bowls of apple blossom as well as sprays are well represented

Photographs by Hugh White



# BRASSIÈRES & GIRDLES



# KESTOS

KESTOS LTD., MADDOX HOUSE, REGENT STREET, W. 1.



Do you know how smart you look in polka dots—how young you look with touches of white? This Street Suit in heavy spot rayon is designed to flatter, with snowy piqué gilet and cuffs, and fine kid belt. Navy/white, black/white. Hips 38, 40, 42. **6½ gns.**  
(Women's Dresses, First Floor)

*Harrods*

HARRODS LTD

LONDON SW1

## The Social Round—(Continued from page 286)



SHROPSHIRE WELL-KNOWN

The Hon. Mrs. Clegg-Hill and her daughter Selina, whose engagement to Mr. E. M. C. D. Lloyd-Davies, was announced last summer, at Fernhill, Newport, their Shropshire home. Mrs. Clegg-Hill is a daughter of the late Rev. Sir George Boughey. Her husband, son of the third Lord Hill of Hawkestone, died in 1930. The 1st Viscount was the Duke of Wellington's right-hand man

Henri "playwright" Bernstein, the Duc de La Rochefoucauld, and the Yorkshire-born Baronne de Pacquemont who wears a diamond crescent for her husband's Spahi regimental, and another badge from her son with the B.E.F. This amazes *Parisiennes*, who have never gone in for military insignia. They are delighted that something has been done about the "bogus uniforms worn by lovelies, who, though very decorative, were most confusing in their various gilt buttons; now those who wear anything approaching a uniform are stopped and asked to show their papers!" This move, and the one to stop the abusive use of Red Crosses on cars, have been heartily endorsed by superior young persons whose uniforms are approved by the *Service de Santé*.

At the Ritz, Baroness Pfeiffer's weekly reception collected the Polish element and does good work for the refugees now in France, and for the Polish Legion, and the Polish Red Cross. The Meurice deeply regrets its octogenarian American customer, Mr. E. Berry Wall, who though he had outlived his four-in-hand pals, continued to extend a hand and a glass of champagne to younger sporting pals at Longchamp, Deauville and Monte Carlo. This sybarite dandy possessed the last authentic chuckle, and his forthcoming *memoirs*, "Neither Pest Nor Puritan," may be found to embody it as a legacy.

## Racing Finale

The last day of racing for an indefinite period was the Whitsun meeting at Newbury. Rather empty, owing to the absence of special trains—consequently, locals predominated. Nearly every woman wore a grey flannel coat and skirt, including Lady Stavordale, who added a red shirt. Mrs. "Ronnie" Cross brought her eleven-year-old daughter, who has two fair plaits, and Sir Kenneth and Lady Gibson brought their fair-haired daughter. Sir Kenneth was Official Handicapper in Bombay for years. Lord Dartmouth's son, Humphrey Legge, was in his chief constable's uniform, accompanied by his attractive wife, the former Roma Horlick.



GRANDDAUGHTER FOR OWEN NARES

A daughter was born recently at Oxford to Mrs. David Nares, wife of the famous actor's elder son, who is now a gunner subaltern. Owen Nares is at present scoring a great success in *Daphne du Maurier's Rebecca* at the Queen's Theatre

## Pictures in the Fire

(Continued from page 296)

I do hope I am not being gruesome or ghoulish and causing the Signor's stomach to turn, for, as we know, the mere mention of blood, let alone the sight of it, does make some go all pea-green. In the meanwhile, would it not be a good idea to let Signor Ansaldo have back all his compatriots, who have planted themselves in our country, so that they may be saved from these horrid sights and sounds to which we are used, but they are not? We can spare the whole bilin' of them, even the servitors who are so efficient. Think all this over, Signor, before you speak again.

The Navy League Royal Navy Comforts Supply wants it to be known by all whom it may concern that though summer is supposed to have arrived in England, winter is just about getting busy in the southern hemisphere, where ships of the navy, as some may recollect, have been doing a good job of work. Reference numbers, *Exeter*, *Ajax*, *Achilles* in the matter of the *Graf Spee*—and there are also not a few off the Norwegian coast, where the temperature is not summery. In spite of what a know-all in Parliament said about our whole fleet being in the sunny clime of the Eastern Mediterranean, this is far from being the fact. People who make statements like that should take the trouble to verify things. The main

point of all this is that although the Royal Navy Comforts Supply did manage to build up some sort of reserve stock of sweaters, mufflers, balaclava helmets and such like against next winter, this Norwegian entertainment has exhausted it, and they want more—lots more. If you cannot knit, and personally, I know I should not learn in a thousand years, there is always an alternative—money. No cheques, M.O.'s or good coins refused, and the

address is Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square. The secretary will take care of anything sent. Lord Lloyd is the President, Lord Beatty the Chairman, and Admiral Sir Sydney Fremantle, Deputy Chairman. It is up to every one to see to it that the fleet is not left out in the snow, and this empire has always had a very warm corner in its heart for the navy. Here is a chance to show how warm that corner is.

\* \* \*

There is one gay lad in England whom not even the grimaces of some of the Dagos and other monkeys can appal. He told me he had decided not to sell his pub in London and buy one in country. "Nice little place it was, too," he said, "close to the bone yard, and lookin' out of the bar-parlour winder you could easy read the names on the tombstones—but I'm a Londoner I am!"

\* \* \*

It is reported that the C.-in-C. the Red Armies in the recent exordium to his troops said:

"This forces us to be on guard to increase the might of our army and to work ceaselessly towards further military achievements."

I am afraid that I do not catch the drift of the last three words.



TABLE TENNIS FOR AN ARMY COMFORTS FUND

Sir Malcolm Fraser (left), the Lord-Lieutenant of Surrey, went to Surbiton to lend the light of his countenance to the sports fête in aid of the Comforts for the Troops Fund. He had just seen Dora Beregi (next to him), the Hungarian table tennis star, beat our Jean Nicholl (in shorts) 3 to 2. Dora won the World's Table Tennis in 1937 and 1938, and Jean beat her the following year. The Mayor of Surbiton, Mr. E. B. Ames (right), helped to organize this fête

## The Paper Shortage

In view of the paper shortage, to make sure of your copy of "THE TATLER" each week, it is essential to give your newsagent a standing order. This helps him, you and us. Thank you.





**... from one of many styles**

This perfectly tailored Dress is in a fine grey wool, the only colour for smart wear at the moment. We have added bright buttons and belt to some, or you can choose it in all self colour. In grey/self, grey/royal, grey/emerald, grey/cherry, grey/navy, grey/tan or grey/canary.

Hip sizes 36, 37½, 39, 40½, 42 and 44 in.

**59/6**

*Inexpensive Frocks: Second Floor*

**Swan & Edgar**  
Piccadilly Circus, W.1



**ALL WOMEN** may enjoy admiration. Lips that appeal . . . a skin alluring, petal smooth . . . perfect colour blending . . . beauty realistically natural in its appeal. Adelaide Grey's famous Rose Petal Skin Food gives the exquisite smoothness of the dewy English Rose to tired and parched skins . . . 2/9d. . . . Luxury, the delightful new night cream . . . nourishes, and removes all impurities, rich in oils, ideal for removing make-up, however heavy . . . 3/6d. . . . Lipsticks in six lovely shades, more indelible—satin smooth with a sparkle and intensity of colour . . . 2/6d. . . . The New Rouge Solide, blends with all skins. In three exquisite shades . . . 2/6d. . . . Cream Rouge, Nature's own colouring, imparting the delicate bloom of youth to the skin . . . 1/9d. . . . Powder in six lovely shades . . . 2/3d. . . . Although moderate in price all my preparations are compounded by experts from the rarest and costliest ingredients and are definitely equal to the most expensive . . . further, they are entirely British made and British owned.

At all Stores, Boots and good Chemists.

**Adelaide Grey**

27 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

## WEDDINGS and ENGAGEMENTS



Kay Vaughan

MISS DAVIDA BERNER

Whose engagement has been announced. She is to marry Mr. John Forrest Brodie, and is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ingvard D. Berner, of Wilfred Street, Buckingham Gate. She was a debutante in 1937



Debenhams-Longman

TOMKINSON—STEER

Five clergymen, including three bishops, took part in the wedding at Stroud Parish Church recently between Captain Eric Fenton Tomkinson, son of Lieutenant-Colonel G. S. Tomkinson, O.B.E., M.C., and Mrs. Tomkinson, of Kidderminster, and Miss Margaret Johnson Steer, daughter of the Vicar of Stroud, Canon R. P. Steer and Mrs. Steer. The Bishops of Gloucester, Willesden and Tewkesbury, and the Rev. H. L. Johnson, the bride's uncle, officiated, and Canon Steer gave his daughter away



Yvonne Gregory

MISS MARJORIE SPEIGHT

Only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Speight, of San Remo Towers, Boscombe, Hants, whose engagement is announced to Mr. Clement Henniker Heaton, youngest son of Sir John and the Hon. Lady Henniker Heaton

MORE POPULAR  
THAN EVER



In the Mess, in hotels, restaurants and bars—no less than in the home—the call is for Whitbread's superb Pale Ale.

Brewed from British hops and barley; appetizing, refreshing, stimulating; Whitbread's superb Pale Ale is more popular than ever.

# WHITBREAD'S PALE ALE

BREWED & BOTTLED BY WHITBREAD & CO., LTD., LONDON, E.C.1





YOU CAN GET BRAEMAR

Write for the charming new season's Braemar Booklet (to address below), showing exciting new styles and also the famous classics, and giving an idea of Braemar's lovely colour range.

AT MOST GOOD SHOPS AND STORES

• INNES, HENDERSON & CO. LTD., HAWICK, SCOTLAND, AND AT AXTELL HOUSE, WARWICK STREET, LONDON, W.1. ALSO MAKERS OF BRAEMAR UNDERWEAR



Woman in war-time dares not forgo the niceties of life, for the will to win of those who serve lies often in the remembrance of her loveliness. The fragrance of her presence is not the least exquisite of her charms. Created especially for daytime wear by the great parfumeur, Lenthéric, is Bouquet Lenthéric, the echo of a perfume, a light and delicate fragrance. There is a Bouquet recalling each of the glorious Lenthéric perfumes: Tweed, Miracle, Shanghai, Lotus d'Or, Numéro 12, Gardenia de Tahiti, Jasmin, Carnation. Flacons (as illustrated) at 5/6, 9/6 and 16/6.

**Bouquet Lenthéric**  
*the daytime fragrance*

17 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1



DERING — DRUCE

Lenore

The wedding took place recently between Mr. Rupert Anthony Yea Dering, The King's Own Scottish Borderers, only son of the late Captain R. C. Y. Dering, The King's Own Scottish Borderers, and Mrs. Robin FitzGerald, and Miss Betty Druce, only daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. V. P. Druce

## THREE WEDDINGS



WRIGHTSON — DUNN

The marriage took place recently between Lieutenant Rodney Wrightson, third son of Sir Guy Wrightson, Bart., and Lady Wrightson, of Neasham Hall, Darlington, and Miss Florence Jean Dunn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dunn



CROSS — TAYLOR

The wedding took place recently between Captain Lionel Cross, R.A., younger son of the late Mr. C. F. Cross, F.R.S., and Mrs. C. F. Cross, and Miss Rose (Peggy) Taylor, of 17 Cowley Street, Westminster, elder daughter of the late Sir Robert and Lady Taylor, of Kytes, Watford, and 28 Lennox Gardens

**YOU CAN'T DO A CLEAN JOB ALL THE TIME**

**.. but WRIGHT'S can!**

The foamy antiseptic lather carries away dirt, leaving the skin refreshed and smooth, fragrant with health, safe against chance infection.

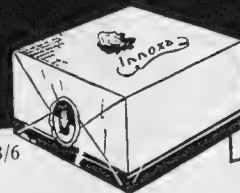
ALWAYS USE

**WRIGHT'S**  
*Coal Tar Soap*

THE SAFE  
SOAP

AVOID  
IMITATIONS

How does **Innox**  
Face Powder  
help the sensitive  
skin?



Price 3/6

- ★ It is very pure and delicate, and kind to every skin... especially to allergic skins.
- ★ The lightest dusting gives a lovely natural bloom, and makes the skin look soft and young.
- ★ It contains a discreet, expensive perfume...
- ★ Many doctors recommend Innox Powder because it allows the skin to breathe freely.

If your skin is super-sensitive ask your Stockist for Innox Powder No. 2.

**Innox**  
*Beauty Preparations*

INNOXA SALON. 37-38 OLD BOND ST., W.1





BY APPOINTMENT TO  
H.M. KING GEORGE VI

## "It's not like the days before the War"—or is it?

No doubt you've often heard this familiar saying. But as far as we at Bernard Weatherill are concerned—it is like the days before the War, or near enough as makes little difference.

Most of us are at present reviewing our wardrobes to see if we can economise by making last year's Spring and Summer suitings suffice a little longer. It's a temptation of course—but not such an agreeable temptation as a *new suit at a truly reasonable price!* That is what we are offering, in spite of the all-round increase in the cost of materials and labour. No—we are not philanthropists; it is merely that we had the foresight to lay in very large ranges of materials—mostly before prices advanced.

So at Bernard Weatherill's the quality of the materials, the cut and the fine craftsmanship remain the same. As regards price, even today a lounge suit can cost as little as 10 gns.

**Bernard Weatherill Ltd.**  
55 CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.1

81 Cannon Street, London, E.C.4  
11 Bennett's Hill, Birmingham  
51 London Road, Camberley  
47 High Street, Aldershot  
Bridge House, S. Ascut

## TRAVEL LIGHT DRESS RIGHT



One movement folds your clothes (there are 12 bangers) neatly and without crushing. There's plenty of room below and in the detachable lid for jumpers, shoes, stockings, etc.

This very smart ultra-lightweight Hide Grain Dress Case is also clever. Decent-sized hooks, for instance, allow you to "rest" your dresses in a wardrobe. Out they come, uncrushed and ready to wear at once—the right dress for every occasion. You never miss any fun when you can take **everything** in an "Antler" Dress Case.

In Dark Brown  
Blue or Black 59/6

**ANTLER**  
Lightweight DRESS CASE

All good stores sell this attractive, modern case. Always ask for "Antler" Travel goods—they cover every travel need from a week-end to the ends of the earth.

## Why do these anxious times affect some people more than others?

*Scientists trace it back to sleep*



## There are 3 Sleep Groups

### WHICH DO YOU BELONG TO?

#### 1st SLEEP GROUP

The people in this Group stand war strain best. Their sleep restores body, nerves and brain completely. Even with only 5 or 6 hours in bed they are never handicapped by "nerves" or tiredness. Theirs is the thoroughly refreshing 1st Group Sleep that everyone should have and that Horlicks bestows.

#### 2nd SLEEP GROUP

2nd Group people seem to sleep well enough yet can't stand up to war worry and anxiety. They tire easily, feel "nervy," can't keep their mind on things. That's because excess acid waste products in the blood activate their brain and nerves at night. Hospital tests prove Horlicks corrects this.

#### 3rd SLEEP GROUP

The people in this Group are least able to stand war strain. They sleep badly—can't get to sleep, lie awake or wake tired. Hospital tests prove that Horlicks overcomes this condition, ensures 1st Group Sleep.

IT'S a curious fact that some people suffer much more than others from war strain. Even though they sleep 8 or 9 hours every night they feel depressed, "nervy" and tired.

Scientists explain it by pointing out that a great many people belong to the wrong sleep group. There are 3 Sleep Groups altogether.

People in the 1st Sleep Group get perfect rest for their brain and nerves even from a short night's sleep. They find they can stand up splendidly to war worry and anxiety.

But the trouble with people in the 2nd and 3rd Sleep Groups is that their brain and nerves are kept active at night by the body's excess acid waste products, which accumulate in the blood.

Scientists, experimenting with various foods and drinks, discovered that Horlicks alone completely neutralized those excess acid waste products. Taken at bedtime, Horlicks gives body, nerves and brain complete repose, and ensures 1st Group Sleep every night.

Start taking Horlicks tonight. See how much more energetic and hopeful you will feel. The longer the war lasts, the more urgently you need the restful, restorative 1st Group Sleep that Horlicks bestows.

Prices from 2/- at all chemists and grocers. Mixers 6d. and 1/-.

**HORLICKS . . .**

**at bedtime gives you 1<sup>st</sup> Group Sleep**



BLUE BEE OF ALDERBOURNE

Property of Mrs. Ashton Cross

There has been some discussion lately in the doggy Press about mongrel versus pedigree dogs. There will always be controversy on this subject. The real fact seems that large kennels with many puppies cannot give them the individual attention which one litter, even of mongrels, probably gets, therefore they do take longer to adapt themselves to ordinary life. Also in some breeds undoubtedly exaggeration has set in, and an abnormally long nose or short legs is prized beyond mental qualities, to the detriment of a breed. The war will do good here. Fewer puppies will be bred, more attention given to those that are bred with the result people will find that pure bred dogs are just as intelligent as mongrels, and are very much nicer to look at and more of a satisfaction to have.

The Cocker is one of the most popular breeds, both as companion and as a show proposition. He has many merits as companion, he is a convenient size, hardy, very good tempered and can be trusted with children, also fond of country walks. At shows there are always enormous

## LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

entries in Cockers, usually topping all others, and to win in them is not easy. Mrs. Jameson Higgins owns a celebrated kennel of Cockers. She has continuously bred winners through many generations, relying entirely on a superlative line of bitches. The photograph is one of the youngsters, Falconers Truthful, who won her Junior Warrant at Crufts last year and has since won well. There is to be a Cocker Club Show at Tattersall's on June 5. The Lord Mayor will open the show and all entry fees, admissions, etc., are to go to the Red Cross direct. Mrs. Higgins will judge the bitches so a good entry is assured.

The Dandie is a dog of great character, both in appearance and disposition. He is quite unlike other breeds in looks. No doubt he is a very old breed, known on the Border long before the days of Sir Walter Scott, but, like other breeds, he has travelled some way from the original, if the pictures of Sir Walter's terriers at Abbotsford can be relied upon. He is a game, determined dog,



DANDIE PUPS

Property of Mrs. Oldham



FALCONERS TRUTHFUL

Property of Mrs. Jameson Higgins

devoted to his own people and not specially keen on others. Mrs. Oldham sends a delightful picture of some Dandie pups. She still has a few for disposal, the price they fetch goes into War Savings Certificates. She finds like so many of us, the greatest consolation in these troublous times in the society of her dogs. It is needless to say they are all extremely well bred and were constant prize winners in the good old days.

Undoubtedly one of the foremost kennels of Pekinese in the world is that of Mrs. Ashton Cross, and this is not a mere flash in the pan; almost from the beginning of the Pekinese cult. she went right to the top and has stayed there. Innumerable winners and celebrities have come from the Alderbourn Kennels, all remarkable for their marvellous coats and condition, also for their excellent ring manners. I have a letter from Miss Ashton Cross in which she says they are hoping to bring out a flyer at the coming Toy Dog Show.

All letters to : Miss Bruce, Nuthooks, Cadnam Southampton.



Guaranteed actual  
unretouched photo-  
graphs of eye of a  
well-known middle-  
aged business woman  
before and one week  
after the removal of  
puffiness and lines.

### EYES

The result is  
guaranteed 15  
to 25 years.  
10,000 cases  
including all



other facial blemishes, have been successfully treated, 30 years' experience. For some time in the interests of the public we have issued the following challenge in the Press, and it has never been taken up:—"The Hystogen Institute will pay £5,000 to King Edward's Hospital Fund if any one can successfully remove puffiness and loose wrinkled skin around the eyes, immediately and permanently, by any other method which is approved by the Medical Profession than the one evolved and practised by a Swiss specialist at the Hystogen Institute, and producing equally amazing results."

THE HYSTOGEN INSTITUTE (Est. 1911)

Old Quebec House, 30 Old Quebec St., Portman Sq., W.1. Tel.: Pad. 5912

## The Call of the CRIPPLES

Help to reduce the "Waiting List"

If so many able-bodied people find life a struggle, what of the numerous crippled girls who have no influence, no job, and no hope of ever earning a livelihood if left to their own resources! John Groom's Crippleage, founded 70 years ago, takes these girls from all parts of the country and trains them to make artificial flowers. At present there are 340 girls so engaged, many more on the "Waiting List."

The training enables these crippled girls to become self-respecting members of society—assets instead of liabilities. They soon become partially self-supporting, but the training with cost of upkeep, is a severe strain upon the available funds.

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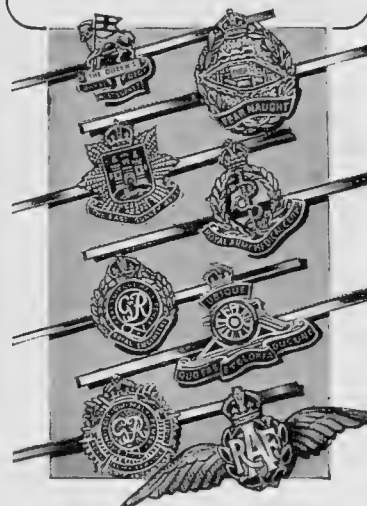
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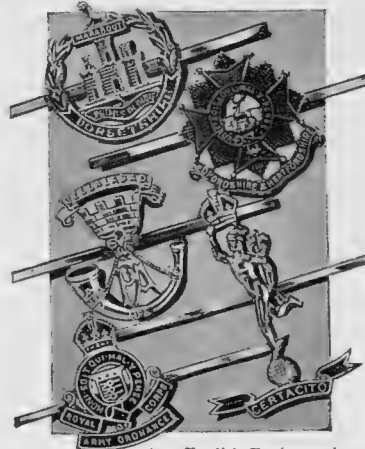


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## TOPICS OF VARIED INTEREST

ing his clients' own hair. He has evolved a special process whereby subsequently it may be arranged on different lines. The illustrations on this page are instances of this; note the flattering manner in which the tresses rest lightly on the neck at the back. Sometimes he crosses the hair, the ends being caught with black or coloured cravat bows. They are of great assistance in keeping errant wisps of hair in place.

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Here is another "dressing" by M. Barranger. Note the graceful undulations at the side and the page-boy turnover at the back. This neat coiffure could be introduced in La Naturelle Transformation

### Parlez Vous Francais?

Symbolic of the *entente cordiale* are the artistic salons of M. Barranger (Maison Georges, 40 Buckingham Palace Road), as within everything is Parisian, while from the windows may be seen an old-world English garden ablaze with spring flowers. It will be recalled that this artist in hair is the creator of La Naturelle Transformation; nevertheless, he is particularly successful in treat-



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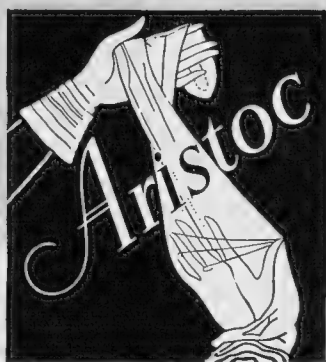
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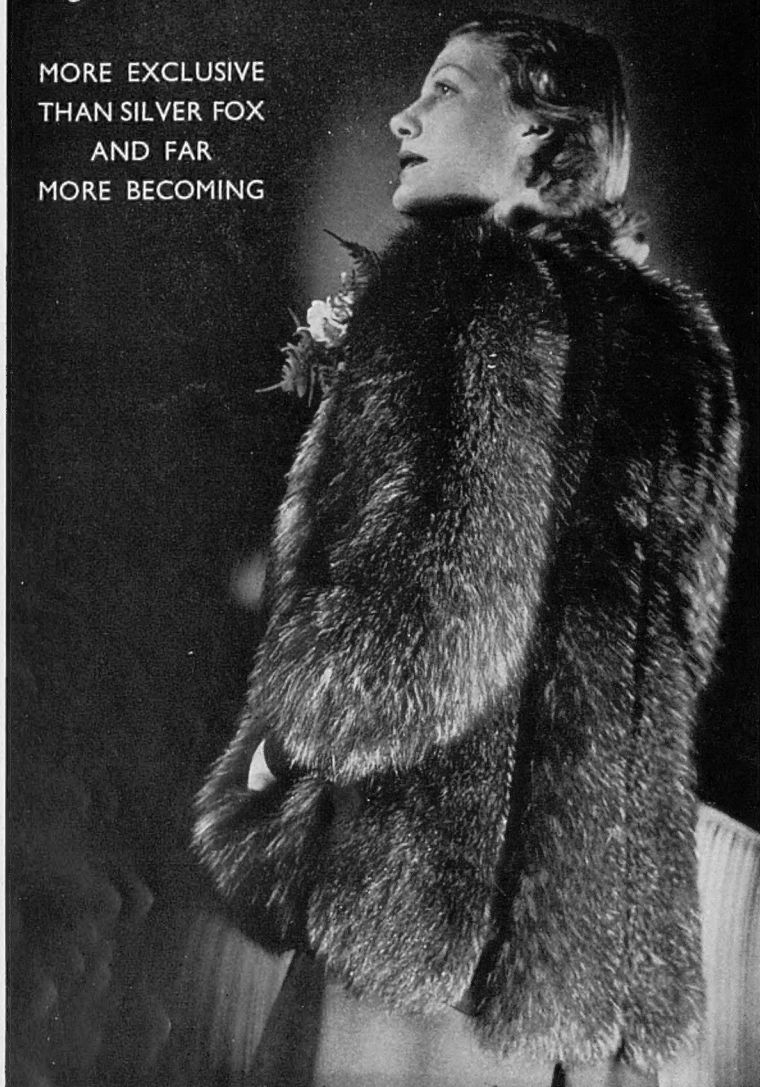
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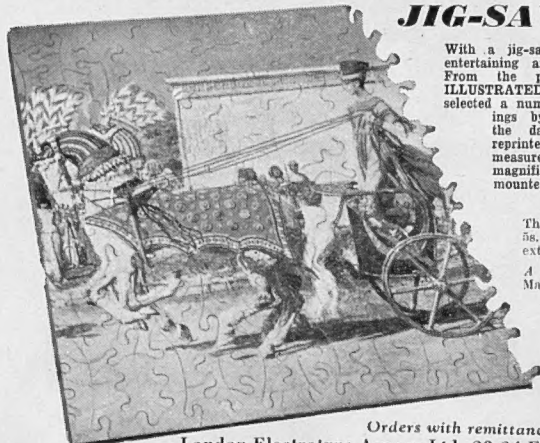
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# START HERE!

Ray Singer could talk. It was a part of his job. And that night he let himself go. He had the whole thing cut and dried.

It was three or four months since he had first seen Peggy Doran at a small Hollywood restaurant called "The High Kick." Peggy had been working there as a waitress.

He had noticed the likeness right away, but without being much impressed. Hollywood was full of waitresses hoping to be mistaken for Dietrich, and elevator boys echoing the glamour of Robert Taylor.

And so it had been not until his fifth visit to "The High Kick" that the idea had dropped suddenly into Ray's mind that Peggy's likeness to Elena Witlock might have a potential cash value.

It was a very good likeness, the closest he had ever seen. Peggy not only looked like Elena but talked and looked like her, they even shared certain little mannerisms.

There were small differences, of course, but nothing that mattered. Elena was two years older. She was British, while Peggy was American. But Peggy had had a stage training that enabled her to speak almost perfect English when occasion demanded.

Also, Peggy was the sweeter tempered, but this was not difficult.

On the screen, and so to the world at large, Elena Witlock was a honey-sweet, if somewhat aloof, goddess. Only her intimates and the people who were obliged to work with her knew better.

And of these, with the possible exception of her two ex-husbands, Ray Singer probably knew best of all, for he was Elena's business manager.

But he and Peggy had got along very well together from the start. He had "sounded" her cautiously from time to time, and had been delighted to find that her ideas about property, and more particularly about other people's property, were no less enterprising than his own.

Her mentality, as well as her looks, was admirably suited to the part he had designed for her to play. So that night in Peggy's apartment Ray Singer let himself go.

He talked without a break for nearly twenty minutes, very smoothly and earnestly. But not too persuasively, for he knew just how people reacted to too much persuasion. Especially the quiet and thoughtful type like Peggy Doran.

At length he came to the end of his proposition. He sat back with a gesture of his carefully manicured hand.

"Well, there it is, Peggy. That's the whole of it. It's up to you. If you come in, we can both go ahead and win. If not, then the whole thing just crumbles. What do you say?"

The girl said nothing for the moment. She just sat beside him on the settee, smiling faintly.

"You're a cool devil," she said at last. Ray laughed. "I guess we're neither of us the type to get too excited about things."

"Not even about murder?"

"Not when it's as safe as this one looks."

She said thoughtfully: "But there's still bound to be some sort of risk."



"Sure there is, Peggy. There's always a risk when you go out after something worth while."

"I know, but—"

"Listen. If we fall down on this, they'll sit me in an electric chair and send you to prison for quite a stretch. Or maybe it'd be a good old-fashioned British hanging for me, I'm not quite sure about that. But what's the chance we do fall down, when you come to work it out? There's only one thing can happen that I can see, and that's for

one of us to get the jitters at some critical moment and give the whole darned show away. Well, I suppose it is a risk, if you want to call it that. Only I just can't see it happening. Not to people like you and me, anyway."

This is an extract from "Passengers to Europe," by George R. Pilgrim, just one of the fine stories in the May issue of *Britannia and Eve*.

## ALSO IN THE MAY ISSUE

### DELILAH UPSIDE DOWN

By Bruce Marshall

Having his hair pulled as a child was the only thing that Henri feared. When he commits a murder he is bald, so he has no fear of death, but as the day of execution draws near, his hair starts to grow again. A horrific story that will hold your attention from beginning to end.

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